

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## A MORNING SONG.

I WAKE this morn, and all my life  
Is freshly mine to live ;  
The future with sweet promise rife,  
And crowns of joy to give.

New words to speak, new thoughts to hear,  
New love to give and take ;  
Perchance new burdens I may bear,  
For love's own sweetest sake.

New hopes to open in the sun,  
New efforts worth the will,  
Or tasks with yesterday begun  
More bravely to fulfil.

Fresh seeds for all the time to be,  
Are in my hand to sow,  
Whereby, for others and for me,  
Undreamed-of fruit may grow.

In each white daisy 'mid the grass  
That turns my foot aside,  
In each uncurling fern I pass,  
Some sweetest joy may hide.

And if, when eventide shall fall  
In shade across my way,  
It seems that nought my thoughts recall  
But life of every day ;

Yet if each step in shine or shower  
Be where Thy footstep trod,  
Then blessed be every happy hour  
That leads me nearer God.

Chambers' Journal.

## THE SWAN.

[FROM THE SWEDISH OF RNEBERG.]

FROM cloud with purple-sprinkled rim  
A swan, in calm delight,  
Sank down upon the river's brim,  
And sang in June, one night.

Of Northlands' beauty was her song :  
How glad their skies, their air ;  
How day forgets the whole night long,  
To go to rest out there ;

How shadows there both rich and deep  
'Neath birch and alder fall ;  
What gold-beams o'er each inlet sweep,  
How cool the billows all ;

How fair it is, how passing fair,  
To own there one true friend ;  
How faithfulness is home-bred there,  
And thither yearns to wend.

When thus from wave to wave his note,  
His simple praise-song rang,  
Swift fawned he on his fond mate's throat,  
And thus, methought, he sang : —

What more ? though of thy life's short dream  
No tales the ages bring,  
Yet hast thou loved on Northlands' stream,  
And sung songs there in spring !

Spectator. E. H. PALMER.  
EIRIKR MAGNUSSON.

[From the January Atlantic.]  
CHARLES SUMNER.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

GARLANDS upon his grave,  
And flowers upon his hearse,  
And to the tender heart and brave  
The tribute of this verse.

His was the troubled life,  
The conflict and the pain,  
The grief, the bitterness of strife,  
The honor without stain.

Like Winkelried, he took  
Into his manly breast  
The sheaf of hostile spears, and broke  
A path for the oppressed ;

Then from the fatal field  
Upon a nation's heart  
Borne like a warrior on his shield !  
So should the brave depart.

Death takes us by surprise,  
And stays our hurrying feet ;  
The great design unfinished lies,  
Our lives are incomplete.

But in the dark unknown  
Perfect their circles seem,  
Even as a bridge's arch of stone  
Is rounded in the stream.

Alike are life and death,  
When life in death survives,  
And the uninterrupted breath  
Inspires a thousand lives.

Were a star quenched on high,  
For ages would its light,  
Still travelling downward from the sky,  
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,  
For years beyond our ken,  
The light he leaves behind him lies  
Upon the paths of men.

March 30, 1874.

From The Edinburgh Review.  
THE JOURNAL OF MR. CHARLES  
GREVILLE.\*

THE three volumes, the title of which we have prefixed to this article, are a very curious and interesting work. They are the journal of the late Mr. Charles Greville, kept by him during the reigns of George IV. and William IV., and containing notices, memoranda, and remarks from time to time on men, politics, and society during that important and eventful period. The author was a man whose social position gave him access to all circles, and whose friendship with many of the distinguished men of the time afforded him unusual opportunities of information. The journal dates as far back as 1819, while the author lived until 1865, but the portion now published ends with the accession of her present Majesty in 1837. It has one singular characteristic: that it faithfully reflects the author's impressions at the moment; and these remain recorded, however much subsequent events may have altered or qualified them. We have these impressions substantially in their original form; and relating as they do to all the most prominent men and most remarkable public and political events of the day, they are a valuable addition to the history of the times. Now and then the author interpolates a note expressive of the effect of subsequent reflection or occurrences on the tenor of his narrative, or his recorded opinions. But, on the whole, the book contains the contemporaneous impressions, thoughts, and sentiments of a very acute observer, regarding all that is most interesting to the student of history during the years embraced in these volumes.

The editor, in his preface, gives the following account of the circumstances to which the present publication owes its origin:—

The author of these journals requested me, in January 1865, a few days before his death, to take charge of them with a view to publica-

tion at some future time. He left that time to my discretion, merely remarking that memoirs of this kind ought not, in his opinion, to be locked up until they had lost their principal interest by the death of all those who had taken any part in the events they describe. He placed several of the earlier volumes at once in my hands, and he intimated to his surviving brother and executor, Mr. Henry Greville, his desire that the remainder should be given me for this purpose. This injunction was at once complied with after Mr. Charles Greville's death, and this interesting deposit has now remained for nearly ten years in my possession. In my opinion this period of time is long enough to remove every reasonable objection to the publication of a contemporary record of events already separated from us by a much longer interval, for the transactions related in these volumes commence in 1818 and end in 1837. I therefore commit to the press that portion of these memoirs which embraces the reigns of King George IV. and King William IV., ending with the accession of her present Majesty.

In the discharge of this trust I have been guided by no other motive than the desire to present these memorials to the world in a manner which their author would not have disapproved, and in strict conformity to his own wishes and injunctions. He himself, it should be said, had frequently revised them with great care. He had studiously omitted and erased passages relating to private persons and affairs, which could only serve to gratify the love of idle gossip and scandal. The journals contain absolutely nothing relating to his own family, and but little relating to his private life. In a passage (not now published) of his own writings, the author remarks, "A journal, to be good, true, and interesting, should be written without the slightest reference to publication but without any fear of it: it should be the transcript of a mind that can bear transcribing. I always contemplate the possibility that hereafter my journal will be read, and I regard with alarm and dislike the notion of its containing matters about myself which nobody will care to know."

Upon these principles this journal has evidently been written. It is perfectly fearless, independent, and, as far as the information of the writer extended, true. Mr. Greville's

\* *A Journal of the Reigns of King George IV. and King William IV.* By the late CHARLES C. F. GREVILLE, Esq., Clerk of the Council to those Sovereigns. Edited by HENRY REEVE, Registrar of the Privy Council. Three Volumes, 8vo. London: 1874.

own position, partly from the nature of the permanent office he held in the Privy Council,

and partly from his personal intimacies with men of very opposite opinions, was a neutral one; but he used that neutral position with consummate judgment and address to remove obstacles, to allay irritations, to compose differences, and to promote, as far as lay in his power, the public welfare. Contented with his own social position, he was alike free from ambition and from vanity. No man was more entirely disinterested in his judgments on public affairs, for he had long made up his mind that he had nothing to gain or to lose by them, and in the opinions he formed, and on occasion energetically maintained, he cared for nothing but their justice and their truth. (Preface, p. viii.)

No man was better qualified, by talents and by position, than the late clerk of the council to leave such a record of his times behind him. He had no political functions; he had no official knowledge of any political secrets; and he occupied a very favourable position for the observation of those who were more actively engaged in public life. But perhaps his own independence and impartiality rendered him too severe a critic of the mistakes and shortcomings of those who had to bear heavier responsibilities.

A sharp, keen, critical man of society, moving in all circles and having access to all sources of information, but entirely removed by his office from political action, and for the most part a bystander, not a combatant, has no doubt many advantages when he records in private, day by day, what he has heard, and what he thinks of passing events. He looks on while the game proceeds; he watches its progress, and having no interest personally in the gain or loss, he is fairly impartial in his estimate of the skill and qualities of the players. Perhaps, however, he has some disadvantages also. The heat and collision of action and contest is an element in judging of public men which the cool spectator cannot possess. Seeing close at his side the errors, the blunders, the weaknesses of the actors, even those whom the outside audience applaud to the echo, the latter is apt to lack the toleration which the actual difficulties and responsibility of the crisis demand, and which the performers willingly accord. With a keen desire for the right, as he

holds it, it chafes him to see the end sacrificed to the frailties from which none are free, and the contingencies against which the ablest cannot provide. So that such a man is often apt to think "a plague of both your houses," and expresses his irritation in the retirement of his study in sharp and bitter phrases. Many of these harsh expressions, however, are but the reflection of temporary and passing moods of thought, which, as the book proceeds, are sometimes recanted altogether, and almost always qualified or balanced by hearty praise. The strength and pungency of Mr. Greville's language is unreserved, and he dashes off a man's character by his least amiable trait, as if he presented a complete and accurate portrait, whereas his mind was only occupied at the time by the quality on which he dilates. Hardly one of his great contemporaries escapes this process in the course of these volumes; yet the result is, in most instances, neither unfriendly nor untrue, and leaves the real character of the man not lower but more distinct than before.

A man who writes history from well-informed gossip in social circles contributes an important, although an unstable, element to truth, and many of the most interesting portions of Mr. Greville's journal throw a great deal of light on the causes of public events, although he himself truly says, in a very notable instance, that anecdotes are not historical facts (vol. i. p. 113). It is always a question of time when such materials can be legitimately used, for the freedom and confidence of social intercourse would be much restrained were the words which pass in the openness of friendship, however authentic and remarkable, to be treasured and forthwith given to the world. But the events which are here written of are nearly half a century old. The chief actors in them have passed away, and the topics which are current when this journal was penned, have long melted into the domain of history.

One more remark we must make, on a feature which adds little or nothing to the information of the reader, and which recurs too frequently in these volumes.



We allude to the broad and sometimes severe terms in which he speaks of the two sovereigns whose reigns he illustrates. Royalty, of course, must, like other actors in public events, fall under the pen of the historian and the estimate of the critic; but mere personalities, however true in themselves, war with the instincts of this country, when used with regard to their sovereigns. In an hereditary monarchy like ours we have not always had the advantage of living in a reign in which, as in the present, the personal character and early training of the sovereign has yielded so large an addition of stability and lustre to the throne. That her immediate predecessors fell far short of this standard is true; but there is little advantage in reviving old court gossip, notorious, though not forgotten, or in parading the weaknesses or follies which in those days were to be found behind the throne. Of the court and character of George IV. there is nothing left for the public to learn, and little it can be profitable to remember. But his successor, although far from intellectually able, did his best to govern honestly in very difficult and trying circumstances. Mr. Greville himself says of him in 1830, soon after his accession, "The fact is he is an incomparable king, and deserves all the encomiums lavished on him" (vol. ii. p. 63). We therefore regret to find expressions erring as much in the way of disparagement as the sentence we have just quoted is extravagant in that of praise. The parts of the book relative to the royal family which we have read with the greatest pleasure are the notices of the Duke of York, from whom Mr. Greville received much attention in early life, and which are conceived in a pleasant and kindly spirit, and are interesting in themselves. But we pass on to matters which have more novelty, and are more likely to attract the attention of our readers.

The journal has two aspects of interest: one as a commonplace book, and a portrait-gallery of remarkable men; the other as a key to important political events at a momentous period of the history of this country. Even when he relates occurrences and transactions

which have been previously described by others the author's point of view is so unusual, his observation so acute, and his pen so sharp and racy, that we have derived much pleasure and amusement from his treatment of familiar scenes.

It is impossible, either by criticism or extracts, to convey any sufficient impression of the merits of these volumes as a commonplace book. Their resources are inexhaustible; and although strung together without method, all incongruous topics jostling each other, there is hardly a page which does not contain materials both novel and interesting. The sketches given by Mr. Greville of the distinguished men of his time have the advantage of being drawn from life. With most of them he lived on terms of intimacy, and with all of them on terms of equality. He is not dazzled by greatness, and speaks his mind with a freedom which sometimes runs into censoriousness. Even with those he most admired and liked, of whom there are not many, he does not scruple to press heavily on their foibles; and if these have a harsh name, he gives it. As we have already said, his estimates are hasty, sometimes entirely at fault. Yet the critic is kindly after all; acknowledges great qualities when he finds them; and finds them sometimes in quarters where it is plain he did not look for them. The result of all is not to lower great men in our eyes, but to make us know them better than we did.

Some of these hasty judgments are amusing enough: it is diverting to see in the course of his memoranda how time falsifies his opinions. He ventures on prophecy with considerable boldness; and he has courage enough to leave his prediction uncanceled, and even to give expression and point to his failure. He foretells perpetuity to Cabinets, when a few pages farther on record their downfall, and perpetual exclusion to statesmen who ruled this country for years afterwards. So in his appreciation of men. Lord Althorp's leadership of the House he treats with derision when he first assumed that office: and in this instance, although he admits on various occasions the ability he displayed, his final judg-

ment is much the same as his first. But he was wrong. Lord Althorp was not a great orator or debater; but he had qualities which made him a great leader of the House of Commons, if leading consist in inducing others to follow. He ruled with absolute sway in the first Reformed Parliament, and in individual influence might fairly compare with the greatest of his successors: and when his leadership came to an end, the reign of his party ceased also.

Lord Russell also he entirely misjudged, which is the more remarkable that he had, and expresses, the strongest personal regard for him. When he first assumed the leadership of his party in 1835, Mr. Greville writes under date April 3rd:—

If John Russell does come in, it is clear that he will have both Peel and Stanley in opposition to him, against whom in the nearly balanced state of parties he could not struggle on for a month. He was miserably feeble in this debate (in his opening speech), and though he may just do to lead an Opposition which wants no leading, and merely sticks him up as a nominal chief, he could no more lead a government in the House of Commons than he could command an army in the field. (Vol. iii. p. 240.)

But he adds within brackets, under the date 1837, "So much for my prediction. Stanley's followers dropped off and left him alone, the government had no difficulty, and John Russell proved a very good leader." And so to be sure, in less than a year, the journal sounds a very different note. In February 1836 Mr. Greville thus writes:—

February 25th. — Lord John Russell immortalized himself on Tuesday night. After a speech from Hume of three hours, in which he produced a variety of the most inconceivable letters from Kenyon, Wynford, Londonderry, and other Orangemen, but made the most miserable hash of his whole case, and instead of working up his ample materials with dexterity and effect stupidly blundering and wasting them all—after this speech John Russell rose, and in a speech far surpassing his usual form, dignified, temperate, and judicious, moved a resolution of a moderate and inoffensive character. The speech actually drew tears from the Orangemen, enthusiastic approbation from Stanley, a colder approval from Peel, and the universal assent of the House. . . . In accomplishing this by moderate and healing counsels, by a conciliatory tone and manner, Lord John Russell deserves the name of a statesman. His speech is worth a thousand flowery harangues which have elicited the shouts of audiences or the

admiration of readers, and he has probably conferred a great and permanent benefit upon the country. (Vol. iii. p. 344.)

Mr. Greville lived to see Lord Russell become a most successful leader and a formidable debater; holding his own with effect and spirit against all comers, and quite able to cope with Peel even in his most powerful days. It is remarkable, as the editor points out, that of a man who was twice prime minister, and who led his party in the House of Commons for more than fifteen years, Mr. Greville should tell us that on the formation of the Grey government in 1831, "John Russell was to have the war office, but Tavistock entreated that the appointment might be changed, as his brother's health was unequal to it; so he was made paymaster" (vol. ii. p. 70).

The notices of Lord Palmerston very dimly foreshadow his future greatness. The author did not mean or expect him to be great; and yet, in the very few fragmentary references to him there lurks evidently an uneasy suspicion that he might be wrong. The first time it flashes on him that there were the germs of distinction in the careless man of fashion, is on the debate on the Catholic question in 1829. "A speech from Lord Palmerston," he says, "which astonished everybody." "An imitation of Canning, and not a bad one" (vol. i. p. 191). In 1834 our author writes:—

Madame de Lieven told me that it was impossible to describe the contempt as well as dislike which the whole *corps diplomatique* had for Palmerston, and pointing to Talleyrand, who was sitting close by, "*surtout lui.*" They have the meanest opinion of his capacity, and his manners are the reverse of conciliatory. She cannot imagine how his colleagues bear with him, and Lord Grey supports him vehemently. The only *friend* he has in the cabinet is Graham, who has no weight. His unpopularity in his own office is quite as great as it is among the foreign ministers, and he does nothing, so that they do not make up in respect for what they want in inclination. (Vol. iii. pp. 56, 57.)

Again, on the election in 1835 he writes:—"Palmerston is beaten in Hants, at which every one rejoices, for he is marvellously unpopular" (vol. iii. p. 197). But alas for Madame de Lieven's estimate—she had her own grievance about the Russian embassy—and the gossip of the clubs, Mr. Greville tells us, ten pages on, of this inefficient and unpopular minister:—

The other night I met some clerks in the Foreign Office to whom the very name of Palmerston is hateful, but I was surprised to hear them (Mellish particularly, who can judge both from capacity and opportunity) give ample testimony to his abilities. They said that he wrote admirably, and could express himself perfectly in French, very sufficiently in Italian, and understood German; that his diligence and attention were unwearied—he read everything and wrote an immense quantity; that the foreign ministers (who detest him) did him justice as an excellent man of business. His great fault is want of punctuality, and never caring for an engagement if it did not suit him, keeping everybody waiting for hours on his pleasure or caprice. This testimony is beyond suspicion, and it is confirmed by the opinions of his colleagues; but it is certain that he cut a very poor figure in Parliament all the time he was in office before. (Vol. iii. pp. 210, 211.)

And a year afterwards he inserts this palinode, which shows how misleading had been the elements on which his original judgment had been formed:—

It is surprising to hear how Palmerston is spoken of by those who know him well officially—the Granvilles, for example. Lady Granville, a woman expert in judging, thinks his capacity first-rate; that it approaches to greatness from his enlarged views, disdain of trivialities, resolution, decision, confidence, and above all his contempt of clamour and abuse. She told me that Madame de Flahaut had a letter written by Talleyrand soon after his first arrival in England, in which he talked with great contempt of the ministers generally, Lord Grey included, and said there was but one statesman among them, and that was Palmerston. His ordinary conversation exhibits no such superiority; but when he takes his pen in his hand his intellect seems to have full play, and probably when engaged exclusively in business. (Vol. iii. p. 366.)

Talleyrand's good opinion had been previously noticed. The old statesman had recognized the ring of true metal, although the clubs were deaf to it. It is certainly not impossible that Lord Palmerston may have given no measure of his real capacity during the twenty years that he filled a subordinate office in a Tory government, and may, when he assumed the direction of foreign affairs, have exerted himself to make up for past deficiencies; for no man was more sensible of failure, and he never allowed false pride to impede his endeavours to repair an error. This, indeed, was one secret of his ultimate and unquestioned supremacy.

Of the gay, witty, *insouciant*, and able Melbourne our author had a more just

and discriminating estimate. He was an unlucky minister, for he hardly ever had a majority; but his services to the crown and the country at the commencement of the present reign have laid the nation under obligations they have not forgotten. "He is certainly a queer fellow," writes Mr. Greville in July 1834, "to be prime minister, and he and Brougham are two wild chaps to have the destinies of their country in their hands. I should not be surprised if Melbourne was to rouse his dormant energies, and be excited by the greatness of his position, to display the vigour and decision in which he is not deficient."

There is no detailed character of Melbourne, but many characteristic notices scattered up and down the book illustrative of the man, with whom the author was on terms of intimacy. He mentions earlier in his journal a conversation he had with him about Palmerston, when Lord Melbourne assured him that there was no foundation for the assertion that he was unpleasant and haughty to his colleagues; in fact that he was quite the reverse. More interesting, however, to the general reader than his political career are some instances given by Mr. Greville of his wonderful literary knowledge. There are a couple of pages devoted to the description of two dinner-parties at Holland House, which are well worthy of being preserved, if it were only to teach a younger and more superficial generation how the last generation were wont to converse. Greville himself says of one of these parties:—

*September 5th.*—At Holland House yesterday, where I had not been these two years. Met Lord Holland at court, who made me go. . . . Spring Rice and his son, Melbourne, and Palmerston dined there: Allen was at Dulwich, but came in the evening, and so did Bobus Smith. There was a great deal of very good talk, anecdotes, literary criticism, and what not, some of which would be worth remembering, though hardly sufficiently striking to be put down, unless as forming a portion of a whole course of conversations of this description. A vast depression came over my spirits, though I was amused, and I don't suppose I uttered a dozen words. It is certainly true that the atmosphere of Holland House is often oppressive, but that was not it; it was a painful consciousness of my own deficiencies and of my incapacity to take a fair share in conversation of this description. I felt as if a language was spoken before me which I understood, but not enough to talk in it myself. There was nothing discussed of which I was altogether ignorant, and when

the merits of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Crabbe were brought into comparison, and Lord Holland cut jokes upon Allen for his enthusiastic admiration of the "*De Moribus Germanorum*," it was not that I had not read the poets or the historian, but that I felt I had not read them with profit. (Vol. iii. pp. 126, 127.)

And so they discussed poets; "Philip van Artevelde," Madame de Staël, Sappho, Quintus Curtius, and Klopstock. Two days after this he again dines there: —

*September 7th.* — At Holland House again; only Bobus Smith and Melbourne; these two, with Allen, and Lord Holland agreeable enough. Melbourne's excellent scholarship and universal information remarkably display themselves in society, and he delivers himself with an energy which shows how deeply his mind is impressed with literary subjects.

After dinner there was much talk of the Church, and Allen spoke of the early reformers, the Catharists, and how the early Christians persecuted each other; Melbourne quoted Vigilantius's letter to Jerome, and then asked Allen about the 11th of Henry IV., an Act passed by the Commons against the Church, and referred to the dialogue between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely at the beginning of Shakespeare's "Henry V.," which Lord Holland sent for and read, Melbourne knowing it all by heart and prompting all the time. Lingard says of this statute that the Commons proposed to the king to commit an act of spoliation on the clergy, but that the king sharply rebuked them and desired to hear no more of the matter. About etymologies Melbourne quoted Tooke's "Divisions of Purley," which he seemed to have at his fingers' ends. (Vol. iii. pp. 130, 131.)

In another passage he says that John Allen told him that Melbourne being a very good Greek scholar had compared the "Evidences" and all modern theological works with the writings of the Fathers. The man who could acquire so much solid knowledge, living as he did the life of an easy man of pleasure and society, must have had powers and capacity which should have made him more than prime minister of England.

Of Sir James Graham when he first took office the author formed an absurdly low estimate, as he himself afterwards confesses. The passage is so curious that we quote it entire: —

Graham's elevation is the most monstrous of all. He was once my friend, a college intimacy revived in the world, and which lasted six months, when, thinking he could do better, he cut me, as he had done others before. I am not a fair judge of him, because the pique which his conduct to me naturally gave me

would induce me to underrate him, but I take vanity and self-sufficiency to be the prominent features of his character, though of the extent of his capacity I will give no opinion. Let time show; I think he will fail. [Time did show it to be very considerable, and the *vol-venda dies* brought back our former friendship, as will hereafter appear; he certainly did not fail.]

He came into Parliament ten years ago, spoke and failed. He had been a provincial hero, the Cicero and the Romeo of Yorkshire and Cumberland, a present Lovelace and a future Pitt. He was disappointed in love (the particulars are of no consequence), married and retired to digest his mortifications of various kinds, to become a country gentleman, patriot, reformer, financier, and what not, always good-looking (he had been very handsome), pleasing, intelligent, cultivated, agreeable as a man can be who is not witty and who is rather pompous and slow. After many years of retirement, in the course of which he gave to the world his lucubrations on corn and currency, time and the hour made him master of a large but encumbered estate and member for his county. Armed with the importance of representing a great constituency, he started again in the House of Commons; took up Joseph Hume's line, but ornamented it with graces and flourishes which had not usually decorated such dry topics. He succeeded, and in that line is now the best speaker in the House. I have no doubt he has studied his subjects and practised himself in public speaking. Years and years ago I remember his delight on Hume's comparison between Demosthenes and Cicero, and how he knew the passage by heart; but it is no thing to attack strong abuses and fire off well-rounded set phrases, another to administer the naval affairs of the country and be ready to tilt against all comers, as he must do for the future. (Vol. ii. pp. 90, 91.)

Their early friendship was afterwards renewed and ripened into mutual confidence, and Sir James Graham exerted himself more than once with great vigour and effect in matters touching Mr. Greville's interests. The description of the part he bore when Lord Stanley left the Liberal ranks is more respectful to his ability, but by no means so to his political character. But Mr. Greville might be pardoned for not foreseeing the very distinguished position which Sir James Graham afterwards gained. He acquired it slowly; and even after he had become one of the most formidable debaters in the House he owned, and it was true, although no one who heard him would have thought so, that he never addressed it with entire self-possession. He was bold and clear in thought, but nervous in action, and more a leader of men



in private than he was in public. As an administrator of a department he had few equals.

One of the men whom Mr. Greville disparages in his earlier notices, and to whom at last he yields his tribute of unfeigned admiration, is Macaulay; and it is interesting to observe, as the journal proceeds, how his impressions change. His first meeting with him is amusingly described:—

*February 6th.*—Dined yesterday with Lord Holland; came very late, and found a vacant place between Sir George Robinson and a common-looking man in black. As soon as I had time to look at my neighbour, I began to speculate (as one usually does) as to who he might be, and as he did not for some time open his lips except to eat, I settled that he was some obscure man of letters or of medicine, perhaps a cholera-doctor. In a short time the conversation turned upon early and late education, and Lord Holland said he had always remarked that self-educated men were peculiarly conceited and arrogant, and apt to look down upon the generality of mankind, from their being ignorant of how much other people knew; not having been at public schools, they are uninformed of the course of general education. My neighbour observed that he thought the most remarkable example of self-education was that of Alfieri, who had reached the age of thirty without having acquired any accomplishment save that of driving, and who was so ignorant of his own language that he had to learn it like a child, beginning with elementary books. Lord Holland quoted Julius Cæsar and Scaliger as examples of late education, said that the latter had been wounded, and that he had been married and commenced learning Greek the same day, when my neighbour remarked "that he supposed his learning Greek was not an instantaneous act like his marriage." This remark, and the manner of it, gave me the notion that he was a dull fellow, for it came out in a way which bordered on the ridiculous, so as to excite something like a sneer. I was a little surprised to hear him continue the thread of conversation (from Scaliger's wound) and talk of Loyola having been wounded at Pampeluna. I wondered how he happened to know anything about Loyola's wound. Having thus settled my opinion, I went on eating my dinner, when Auckland, who was sitting opposite to me, addressed my neighbour, "Mr. Macaulay, will you drink a glass of wine?" I thought I should have dropped off my chair. It was MACAULAY, the man I had been so long most curious to see and to hear, whose genius, eloquence, astonishing knowledge, and diversified talents have excited my wonder and admiration for such a length of time, and here I had been sitting next to him, hearing him talk, and setting him down for a dull fellow. I felt as if he could have read my

thoughts, and the perspiration burst from every pore in my face, and yet it was impossible not to be amused at the idea. It was not till Macaulay stood up that I was aware of all the vulgarity and ungainliness of his appearance; not a ray of intellect beams from his countenance; a lump of more ordinary clay never enclosed a powerful mind and lively imagination. He had a cold and sore throat, the latter of which occasioned a constant contraction of the muscles of the thorax, making him appear as if in momentary danger of a fit. His manner struck me as not pleasing, but it was not assuming, unembarrassed, yet not easy, unpolished, yet not coarse; there was no kind of usurpation of the conversation, no tenacity as to opinion or facts, no assumption of superiority, but the variety and extent of his information were soon apparent, for whatever subject was touched upon he evinced the utmost familiarity with it; quotation, illustration, anecdote, seemed ready in his hands for every topic. Primogeniture in this country, in others, and particularly in ancient Rome, was the principal topic, I think, but Macaulay was not certain what was the law of Rome, except that when a man died intestate his estate was divided between his children. After dinner Talleyrand and Madame de Dino came in. He was introduced to Talleyrand, who told him that he meant to go to the House of Commons on Tuesday, and that he hoped he would speak, "*qu'il avait entendu tous les grands orateurs, et il désirait à présent entendre Monsieur Macaulay.*" (Vol. ii. pp. 245-47.)

This was the first—here is the last—a comparison between Brougham and Macaulay in 1836:—

Brougham, tall, thin, and commanding in figure, with a face which, however ugly, is full of expression, and a voice of great power, variety, and even melody, notwithstanding his occasional prolixity and tediousness, is an orator in every sense of the word. Macaulay, short, fat, and ungraceful, with a round, thick, unmeaning face, and with rather a lisp, though he has made speeches of great merit, and of a very high style of eloquence in point of composition, has no pretensions to be put in competition with Brougham in the House of Commons. Nor is the difference and the inferiority of Macaulay less marked in society. Macaulay, indeed, is a great talker, and pours forth floods of knowledge on all subjects; but the gracefulness, lightness, and variety are wanting in his talk which are so conspicuous in his writings; there is not enough of alloy in the metal of his conversation; it is too didactic, it is all too good, and not sufficiently flexible, plastic, and diversified for general society. Brougham, on the other hand, is all life, spirit, and gaiety—"from grave to gay, from lively to severe"—dashing through every description of folly and fun, dealing in those rapid transitions by which the attention and imagination are arrested and excited;



always amusing, always instructive, never tedious, elevated to the height of the greatest intellect, and familiar with the most abstruse subjects, and at the same moment conciliating the humble pretensions of inferior minds by dropping into the midst of their pursuits and objects with a fervour and intensity of interest which surprises and delights his associates, and, above all, which puts them at their ease.

[*Quantum mutatus!* All this has long ceased to be true of Brougham. Macaulay, without having either the wit or the *charm* which constitutes the highest kind of colloquial excellence or success, is a marvellous, an unrivalled (in his way), and a delightful talker. — 1850.] (Vol. iii. pp. 338, 339.)

Of Sir James Mackintosh the journalist had the highest opinion, and never mentions him excepting with praise and admiration. The first notice of him is at a party at Middleton in 1819. Under date March 5, 1819, he says:—"The other night Sir James Mackintosh made a splendid speech on the criminal laws; it was temperate and eloquent, and excited universal admiration." June 14:—"The other night in the House of Commons, on the Foreign Enlistment Bill, Sir James Mackintosh made a brilliant speech: all parties agree in commending it. Canning answered him, but not successfully" (vol. i. p. 20). These were two great occasions. The tide of public opinion has swept so thoroughly over the subject of the first as to have obliterated all traces of the abuses which the oration denounced, and has left only the wonder that such things ever were. The second has been too much forgotten; but those who are solicitous for the international law of the future may study it with profit as well as admiration. It contains an elucidation of principles too much neglected, illustrated and enforced with elegance and power; nor will it be long, we venture to predict, before its authority assumes a prominent place.

Sixteen years afterwards Mr. Greville thus moralizes on the career and fate of one whose promise had been so brilliant:—

We dined at Burghley on the way [to Doncaster], and got here at two on Sunday; read Mackintosh's *Life* in the carriage, which made me dreadfully disgusted with my racing *milieu*. What a life as compared with mine!—passed among great and wise men, and intent on high thoughts and honourable aspirations, existing amidst interests far more pungent even than those which engage me, and of the futility of which I am forever reminded. I am struck with the coincidence of the tastes and dispositions of Burke and Mackintosh, and of some-

thing in the mind of the one which bears an affinity to that of the other; but their characters—how different! their abilities—how unequal! yet both, how superior, even the weakest of the two, to almost all other men, and the success of each so little corresponding with his powers, neither having ever attained any object of ambition beyond that of fame. All their talents, therefore, and all their acquirements, did not procure them content, and probably Burke was a very unhappy, and Mackintosh not a very happy, man. The suavity, the indolent temperament, the *mitis sapientia* of Mackintosh may have warded off sorrow and mitigated disappointment, but the stern and vindictive energies of Burke must have kept up a storm of conflicting passions in his breast. But I turn from Mackintosh and Burke to all that is vilest and foolishest on earth, and among such I now pass my unprofitable hours. . . .

I have finished Mackintosh's *Life* with great delight, and many painful sensations, together with wonder and amazement. His account of his reading is utterly incomprehensible to me; he must have been endowed with some superhuman faculty of transferring the contents of books to his own mind. He talks in his journals of reading volumes in a few hours which would seem to demand many days even from the most rapid reader. I have heard of Southey, who would read a book through as he stood in a bookseller's shop; that is, his eye would glance down the page, and by a process partly mechanical, partly intellectual, formed by long habit, he would extract in his synoptical passage all that he required to know. (Macaulay was, and George Lewes is, just as wonderful in this respect.) Some of the books that Mackintosh talks of, philosophical and metaphysical works, could not be so disposed of, and I should like much to know what his system or his secret was. . . .

What are we to think of the necessary connection between intellectual superiority and official eminence, when we have seen the Duke of Richmond invited to be a member of the Cabinet, while Mackintosh was thrust into an obscure and subordinate office—Mackintosh placed under the orders of Charles Grant! Well might he regret that he had not been a professor, and "with safer pride content," adorned with unusual glory some academical chair. Then while he was instructing and delighting the world, there would have been many regrets and lamentations that such mighty talents were confined to such a narrow sphere, and innumerable speculations of the greatness he would have achieved in political life, and how the irresistible force of his genius and his eloquence must have raised him to the pinnacle of Parliamentary fame and political power. (Vol. iii. pp. 314-18.)

It is as difficult sometimes to say why a man succeeds as why he fails; but the reason in both instances lies, in the large proportion of cases, in the man himself.

The race-horse may have speed, but if he cannot "stay" he cannot win. The rewards of political life do not always fall to the brilliant or the learned. Mr. Greville says very truly, speaking of Brougham:—"The life of a politician is probably one of deep mortification, for the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; and few things can be more galling than to see men far inferior to ourselves enabled by fortune or circumstances to attain what we tried after in vain, and to learn from our own experience how many things there are in this life of greater practical utility than splendid abilities and unwearied industry." Mackintosh probably wanted vital energy, decision, and that adaptability which enables a man not only to say the right thing, but to say it at the right time, and above all, not to say it at the wrong time. But all must regret that his vast powers produced so slight an effect on his times, and have left so little which is commensurate behind them.

These are mere casual sketches. Before going on to the author's more elaborate and finished portraits, we may extract the following incidental notices:—

"Jan. 2nd, 1830.—At Roehampton; William Howard, Baring Wall, and Lady Pembroke's son, the best sort of youth I have seen for a long while" (vol. i. p. 261). This was Sidney Herbert, whose life and character, as the editor says, did not belie the promise of his youth. He was too early lost to the party with whom his lot was ultimately cast, and had he lived was destined to have played an important part in public affairs. But the author seems to have forgotten his early impressions, for we find him grumbling over his appointment as secretary to the Board of Control in 1835. He says:—

Peel has just made Sidney Herbert secretary to the Board of Control, an office of great labour and involving considerable business in the House of Commons. He is about twenty-two or twenty-three years old [he was twenty-four], unpractised in business, and never spoke but once in the House of Commons, when he made one of those pretty first speeches which prove little or nothing, and that was in opposition to the Dissenters. He may be very fit for this place, but it remains to be proved, and I am surprised he did not make him begin with a lordship of the Treasury or some such thing, and put Gladstone, who is a very clever man, in that post. Praed is first secretary to the Board of Control, and will do the business. (Vol. iii. p. 194.)

The following is the only notice of the present premier in these volumes:—

December 6th.—The chancellor called on me yesterday about getting young Disraeli into Parliament (through the means of George Bentinck) for Lynn. I had told him George wanted a good man to assist in turning out William Lennox, and he suggested the above-named gentleman, whom he called a friend of Chandos. His political principles must, however, be in abeyance, for he said that Durham was doing all he could to get him by the offer of a seat, and so forth; if, therefore, he is undecided and wavering between Chandos and Durham, he must be a mighty impartial personage. I don't think such a man will do, though just such as Lyndhurst would be connected with. (Vol. iii. p. 170.)

One or two more passages, taken nearly at random, may interest our readers:—

I saw the day before yesterday a curious letter from Southey to Brougham, which some day or other will probably appear. Taylor showed it me. Brougham had written to him to ask him what his opinion was as to the encouragement that could be given to literature, by rewarding or honouring literary men, and suggested (I did not see his letter) that the Guelphic Order should be bestowed upon them. Southey's reply was very courteous, but in a style of suppressed irony and forced politeness, and exhibited the marks of a chafed spirit, which was kept down by an effort. "You, my lord, are *now* on the conservative side," was one of his phrases, which implied that the chancellor had not always been on that side. He suggested that it might be useful to establish a sort of lay fellowships; 10,000*l.* would give 10 of 500*l.* and 25 of 200*l.*; but he proposed them not to reward the meritorious, but as a means of silencing or hiring the mischievous. It was evident, however, that he laid no stress on this plan, or considered it practicable, and only proposed it because he thought he must suggest something. He said that honours might be desirable to scientific men, as they were so considered on the Continent, and Newton and Davy had been titled, but for himself, if a *Guelphic* distinction was adopted, "he should be a *Ghibelline*." He ended by saying that all he asked for was a repeal of the Copyright Act, which took from the families of literary men the only property they had to give them, and this "I ask for with the earnestness of one who is conscious that he has laboured for posterity." It is a remarkable letter. (Vol. ii. p. 112.)

I am just come home from breakfasting with Henry Taylor to meet Wordsworth; the same party as when he had Southey—Mill, Elliot, Charles Villiers. Wordsworth may be bordering on sixty; hard-featured, brown, wrinkled, with prominent teeth and a few scattered grey hairs, but nevertheless not a disagreeable countenance; and very cheerful, merry, courteous, and talkative, much more so than I should have expected from the grave and didactic character of his writings. He held forth on poetry, painting, politics, and met-

aphysics, and with a great deal of eloquence; he is more conversable and with a greater flow of animal spirits than Southey. He mentioned that he never wrote down as he composed, but composed walking, riding, or in bed, and wrote down after; that Southey always composes at his desk. He talked a great deal of Brougham, whose talents and domestic virtues he greatly admires; that he was very generous and affectionate in his disposition, full of duty and attention to his mother, and had adopted and provided for a whole family of his brother's children, and treats his wife's children as if they were his own. He insisted upon taking them both with him to the drawing-room the other day when he went in state as chancellor. They remonstrated with him, but in vain. (Vol. ii. p. 120.)

Johnson liked Fox because he defended his pension, and said it was only to blame in not being large enough. "Fox," he said, "is a liberal man; he would always be '*aut Cesar, aut nullus*;' whenever I have seen him he has been *nullus*." Lord Holland said Fox made it a rule never to talk in Johnson's presence, because he knew all his conversations were recorded for publication, and he did not choose to figure in them. (Vol. ii. p. 316.)

January 22nd. — Dined with Talleyrand the day before yesterday. Nobody there but his *attachés*. After dinner he told me about his first residence in England, and his acquaintance with Fox and Pitt. He always talks in a kind of affectionate tone about the former, and is now meditating a visit to Mrs. Fox at St. Anne's Hill, where he may see her surrounded with the busts, pictures, and recollections of her husband. He delights to dwell on the simplicity, gaiety, childishness, and profoundness of Fox. I asked him if he had ever known Pitt. He said that Pitt came to Rheims to learn French, and he was there at the same time on a visit to the archbishop, his uncle (whom I remember at Hartwell). (Vol. ii. p. 344.)

September 10th. — At Gorbambury on Saturday till Monday. Dined on Friday with Talleyrand, a great dinner to M. Thiers, the French minister of commerce, a little man, about as tall as Sheil, and as mean and vulgar-looking, wearing spectacles, and with a squeaking voice. He was editor of the "*National*," an able writer, and one of the principal instigators of the Revolution of July. It is said that he is a man of great ability and a good speaker, more in the familiar English than the bombastical French style. Talleyrand has a high opinion of him. He wrote a history of the Revolution, which he now regrets; it is well done, but the doctrine of fatalism which he puts forth in it he thinks calculated to injure his reputation as a statesman. I met him again at dinner at Talleyrand's yesterday with another great party, and last night he started on a visit to Birmingham and Liverpool. (Vol. iii. p. 31.)

Prince Esterhazy told me a great deal about the Duke of Reichstadt, who, if he had lived,

would have probably played a great part in the world. He died of a premature decay, brought on apparently by over-exertion and over-excitement; his talents were very conspicuous, he was *pétri d'ambition*, worshipped the memory of his father, and for that reason never liked his mother; his thoughts were incessantly turned towards France, and when he heard of the days of July he said, "Why was I not there to take my chance?" He evinced great affection and gratitude to his grandfather, who, while he scrupulously observed all his obligations towards Louis Philippe, could not help feeling a secret pride in the aspiring genius and ambition of Napoleon's son. He was well educated, and day and night pored over the history of his father's glorious career. He delighted in military exercises, and not only shone at the head of his regiment, but had already acquired the hereditary art of ingratiating himself with the soldiers. Esterhazy told me one anecdote in particular, which shows the absorbing passion of his soul overpowering the usual propensities of his age. He was to make his first appearance in public at a ball at Lady Cowley's (to which he had shown great anxiety to go), and was burning with impatience to amuse himself with dancing and flirting with the beauties he had admired in the Prater. He went, but there he met two French marshals — Marmont and Maison. He had no eyes or ears but for them; from nine in the evening to five the next morning he devoted himself to these marshals and conversed with them without ceasing. Though he knew well enough all the odium that attached to Marmont, he said to him that he was too happy to have the opportunity of making the acquaintance of one who had been among his father's earliest companions, and who could tell him so many interesting details of his earlier days. Marmont subsequently either did give or was to have given him lessons in strategy. (Vol. iii. pp. 374, 375.)

These are examples, and almost every page would furnish others equally interesting, of the varied contents of these volumes. As we have shown, the author is not always right; but at least he speaks his mind, as he formed it at the time, and photographs vividly the lights and shadows as they passed.

The more studied descriptions are those of Canning, Wellington, Peel, Brougham, Grey, Lyndhurst, Stanley, and O'Connell; and of his estimate of these distinguished men we shall say a few words. In regard to all of them there is an infusion of the cynical in the style in which he writes of them; nor does he spare hard words to express his disfavour. But when all the passages are put together, as forming his ultimate opinion, as we have already said, they

rather gain than suffer at the critic's hands. On the whole, the author's sympathies seem to have been more with Canning than with any of the great statesmen he mentions. He admired his genius, which all did, but he seems to have had a higher estimate of his qualities as a minister than has always been accorded him by posterity. We are inclined to think that in this respect Mr. Greville does him no more than justice. The natural liberality of his mind, and his perspicacious insight into the present and future, were heavily weighted by his past political career and associates. Had he survived he would probably have been a great minister; although it is quite possible that the popularity he would have acquired might have delayed longer the strong exhibition of public opinion which carried the Catholic Relief Bill and the Reform Bill. Mr. Greville allows him little weight of character: but the atmosphere of the court of George IV. was not favourable to the highest forms of political integrity, and the dislike of many of the Tory party was probably as much owing to his want of fortune and aristocratic connection, combined with the Liberal tendency of his views, as it was to any supposed shortcoming in that respect.

There is no better account extant of the circumstances which led to the dissolution of Lord Liverpool's government, and the formation of that of Canning, than that which is contained in the first and second of these volumes. The author does not appear to have been much acquainted with Canning, but he was so with many of his friends, in particular with Lord George Bentinck, who was his private secretary, of whom he says that he did not believe such another man as Canning ever existed. After relating the details of his illness and death, the seeds of which were sown at the Duke of York's funeral, he goes on:—

Canning concealed nothing from Mrs. Canning, nor from Charles Ellis. When absent from Mrs. C. he wrote everything to her in the greatest detail. Canning's industry was such that he never left a moment unemployed, and such was the clearness of his head that he could address himself almost at the same time to several different subjects with perfect precision and without the least embarrassment. He wrote very fast, but not fast enough for his mind, composing much quicker than he could commit his ideas to paper. He could not bear to dictate, because nobody could write fast enough for him; but on one occa-

sion, when he had the gout in his hand and could not write, he stood by the fire and dictated at the same time a despatch on Greek affairs to George Bentinck and one on South-American politics to Howard de Walden, each writing as fast as he could, while he turned from one to the other without hesitation or embarrassment. (Vol. i. p. 106.)

The Duke of Wellington talked of Canning the other day a great deal at my mother's. He said his talents were astonishing, his compositions admirable, that he possessed the art of saying exactly what was necessary, and passing over those topics on which it was not advisable to touch, his fertility and resources inexhaustible. He thought him the finest speaker he had ever heard; though he prided himself extremely upon his compositions, he would patiently endure any criticisms upon such papers as he submitted for the consideration of the Cabinet, and would allow them to be altered in any way that was suggested; he (the duke) particularly had often "cut and hacked" his papers, and Canning never made the least objection, but was always ready to adopt the suggestions of his colleagues. It was not so, however, in conversation and discussion. Any difference of opinion or dissent from his views threw him into ungovernable rage, and on such occasions he flew out with a violence which, the duke said, had often compelled him to be silent that he might not be involved in bitter personal altercation. He said that Canning was usually very silent in the Cabinet, seldom spoke at all, but when he did he maintained his opinions with extraordinary tenacity. He said that he was one of the idlest of men. This I do not believe, for I have always heard that he saw everything and did everything himself. Not a despatch was received that he did not read, nor one written that he did not dictate or correct. (Vol. i. pp. 167, 168.)

Mr. Greville suggests that the Duke of Wellington disliked and suspected Canning, because at the time of the breaking-up of the Liverpool government he thought he was negotiating with the Whigs: in which surmise perhaps there was some truth. He also states, on the authority of Lord George Bentinck, that the recognition of the South-American republics was opposed by the Duke of Wellington, and was very distasteful to the king; who, however, was reconciled to it in the end, and took credit for it. Of the celebrated speech "I called a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old," Mr. Greville says "the 'I' was not relished."

With all his admiration, however, for the man, his summary of his character is, as usual, severe. He says (vol. i. p. 267), writing in 1830, "I believe it to be impossible for a man of squeamish and



uncompromising virtue to be a successful politician ;" and he proceeds as follows : —

If Canning had had a fair field, he would have done great things, for his lofty and ambitious genius took an immense sweep, and the vigour of his intellect, his penetration and sagacity, enabled him to form mighty plans and work them out with success ; but it is impossible to believe that he was a high-minded man, that he spurned everything that was dishonest, uncandid, and ungentleman-like ; he was not above trick and intrigue, and this was the fault of his character, which was unequal to his genius and understanding. However, notwithstanding his failings he was the greatest man we have had for a long time, and if life had been spared to him, and opposition had not been too much for him, he would have raised our character abroad, and perhaps found remedies for our difficulties at home. What a difference between his position and that of the Duke of Wellington ! Everybody is disposed to support the latter and give him unlimited credit for good intentions. The former was obliged to carry men's approbation by storm, and the moment he had failed, or been caught tripping, he would have been lost. (Vol. i. p. 268.)

These are strong expressions, probably too strong for the subject of them, although they may truly indicate where his political character was weakest. The unquestionable personal influence which Canning acquired, when he wished, seems inconsistent with the absence of high spirit ; and there are many things in this book which go far to produce the opposite impression.

The Duke of Wellington is the principal figure in these volumes. The author lived on terms of intimacy with him, and was admitted to much of his confidence. So close an observer could not fail to see the faults and weaknesses, if such there were, as well as the great and noble qualities he possessed. Nor does he escape the censor's lash, laid on in unmeasured terms. But we are bound to say, after reading this very curious record of his political life, for the book embraces a large proportion of it, that differing as we have always done from the politics of the Duke of Wellington, we think he comes out of the scrutiny entirely untarnished, a high-minded, patriotic man, bound up no doubt with the movements and even the intrigues of his party, but for the most holding his head loftily above them, and always ready to sacrifice his personal ends to what might seem to be the general benefit. Mr. Greville does not

always seem to give him this credit, but we think he comes to this conclusion in the end.

Mr. Greville follows the Duke of Wellington's political career with considerable minuteness from the breaking-up of the Liverpool administration in 1826, to the conclusion of this part of the journal in 1837. Sometimes he is full of praise and admiration : sometimes very critical and disparaging, but in the end his respect and veneration for the duke far preponderate over every other consideration. He says of his position in 1829, when at the head of the government, and during the debates on the Catholic Relief Bill : —

The fact is, he is a man of great energy, decision, and authority, and his character has been formed by the events of his life, and by the extraordinary circumstances which have raised him to a situation higher than any subject has attained in modern times. That his great influence is indispensable to carry this question, and therefore most useful at this time, cannot be doubted, for he can address the king in a style which no other minister could adopt. He treats with him as with an equal, and the king stands completely in awe of him. It will be long before a correct and impartial estimate is formed of the duke's character and abilities ; his talents, however, must be of a very superior, though not of the most shining description. Whatever he may be, he is at this moment one of the most powerful ministers this country has ever seen. (Vol. i. p. 176.)

He praises his style of speaking frequently. "I like his speaking : it is so much to the point : no nonsense and verbiage about it, and he says strongly and simply what he has to say" (vol. i. p. 278).

The first elaborate criticism on his political character occurs in 1830, when revolution was striding over Europe, and all was anxiety and foreboding. He says : —

In these difficult circumstances, and in the midst of possibilities so tremendous, it is awful to reflect upon the very moderate portion of wisdom and sagacity which is allotted to those by whom our affairs are managed. I am by no means easy as to the Duke of Wellington's sufficiency to meet such difficulties ; the habits of his mind are not those of patient investigation, profound knowledge of human nature, and cool, discriminating sagacity. He is exceedingly quick of apprehension, but deceived by his own quickness into thinking he knows more than he does. He has amazing confidence in himself, which is fostered by the deference of those around him and the long



experience of his military successes. He is upon ordinary occasions right-headed and sensible, but he is beset by weaknesses and passions which must, and continually do, blind his judgment. Above all he wants that suavity of manner, that watchfulness of observation, that power of taking great and enlarged views of events and characters, and of weighing opposite interests and probabilities, which are essentially necessary in circumstances so delicate, and in which one false step, any hasty measure, or even incautious expression, may be attended with consequences of immense importance. I feel justified in this view of his political fitness by contemplating the whole course of his career, and the signal failure which has marked all his foreign policy. If Canning was now alive we might hope to steer through these difficulties, but if he had lived we should probably never have been in them. He was the only statesman who had sagacity to enter into and comprehend the spirit of the times, and to put himself at the head of that movement which was no longer to be arrested. The march of Liberalism (as it is called) would not be stopped, and this he knew, and he resolved to govern and lead instead of opposing it. The idiots who so rejoiced at the removal of this master mind (which alone could have saved them from the effects of their own folly) thought to stem the torrent in its course, and it has overwhelmed them. It is unquestionable that the duke has too much participated in their sentiments and passions, and, though he never mixed himself with their proceedings, regarded them with a favourable eye, nor does he ever seem to have been aware of the immensity of the peril which they were incurring. The urgency of the danger will unquestionably increase the impatience of those who already think the present government incapable of carrying on the public business, and now that we are placed in a situation the most intricate (since the French Revolution) it is by no means agreeable to think that such enormous interests are at the mercy of the duke's awkward squad. (Vol. ii. pp. 41, 42.)

This is followed by a still sharper condemnation of him as a minister when his government came to an end in the end of 1830. He says of him:—

His is one of those mixed characters which it is difficult to praise or blame without the risk of doing them more or less than justice. He has talents which the event has proved to be sufficient to make him the second (and, now that Napoleon is gone, the first) general of the age, but which could not make him a tolerable minister. Confident, presumptuous, and dictatorial, but frank, open, and good-humoured, he contrived to rule in the Cabinet without mortifying his colleagues, and he has brought it to ruin without forfeiting their regard. Choosing with a very slender stock of

knowledge to take upon himself the sole direction of every department of government, he completely sank under the burden. Originally imbued with the principles of Lord Castlereagh and the Holy Alliance, he brought all those predilections with him into office. Incapable of foreseeing the mighty events with which the future was big, and of comprehending the prodigious alteration which the moral character of Europe had undergone, he pitted himself against Canning in the Cabinet, and stood up as the assertor of maxims both of foreign and domestic policy which that great statesman saw were no longer fitted for the times we live in. (Vol. ii. p. 81.)

The remainder of the passage is still more severe, but it ends with this note:—

[*Memorandum added by Mr. Greville in April 1850.*]

N.B. — I leave this as it is, though it is unjust to the Duke of Wellington; but such as my impressions were at the time they shall remain, to be corrected afterwards when necessary. It would be very wrong to impute selfishness to him in the ordinary sense of the term. He coveted power, but he was perfectly disinterested, a great patriot if ever there was one, and he was always animated by a strong and abiding sense of duty. I have done him justice in other places, and there is after all a great deal of truth in what I have said here. (Vol. i. p. 84.)

He resumes the subject again in 1831, at considerable length: laments that the Tory party should have its deliberations ruled by the obstinacy and prejudices of the duke. Again he adds a note, dated in 1838, but thinks he has not done him injustice. He says afterwards (vol. ii. p. 305), June 1, 1831, that he met the Duke of Wellington at dinner yesterday and afterwards had a long talk with him, not on politics. "I never see and converse with him without reproaching myself for the sort of hostility I feel and express towards his political conduct; for there are a simplicity, a gaiety, and natural urbanity and good humour in him which are remarkably captivating in so great a man." The critic's heart is still further softened as this volume proceeds; for in 1833, on the occasion of a ride with him through St. James's Park, and in relation to the respect evinced to him by the public, he says:—

Much, too, as I have regretted and censured the enormous errors of his political career (at times), I believe that this sentiment is in a great degree produced by the justice which is done to his political character, sometimes mistaken, but always high-minded and patriotic, and never mean, false, or selfish. If he has aimed at power, and overrated his own

capacity for wielding it, it has been with the purest intentions, and the most conscientious views. (Vol. ii. p. 373.)

Putting epithets and adjectives aside, in which he deals much too freely, the picture Mr. Greville gives us of the Duke of Wellington as a politician and a minister is graphic, and we think not far from just. His pride in his own quickness and decision, his tenacity where he thought he could succeed, and his courage in yielding where he saw he could not; his sympathy with old absolutist principles, and yet a clear-sighted prevision that their day was nearly over; the entire fearlessness and courage of the man, and his patriotic loyalty to his sovereign and his country, come out in the end in the most distinct colours. He was not a great politician, or a great minister, in any sense. His views of policy were not large, and he had no popular leanings or sympathies. But he was, in addition to being a great soldier, a very clever man; and both his natural simplicity of character, and what he felt due to his great reputation, raised him above much of the littleness of party.

More interesting to us than Mr. Greville's estimate of his political career are one or two notices of conversations with him on some of his military performances.

The following, as reported at first hand from the Duke of Wellington himself, are well worth transcribing:—

Upon one occasion only the Spaniards gained a victory, the day on which St. Sebastian was stormed. Soult attacked a Spanish corps commanded by General Freyre. When the duke was informed of the attack he hastened to the scene of action and placed two British divisions in reserve, to support the Spaniards, but did not allow them to come into action. He found the Spaniards running away as fast as they could. He asked them where they were going. They said they were taking off the wounded. He immediately sent and ordered the gates of Irun, to which they were flying, to be shut against them, and sent to Freyre to desire him to rally his men. This was done, and they sustained the attack of the French; but General Freyre sent to the duke to beg he would let his divisions support him, as he could not maintain himself much longer. The duke said to Freyre's aide-de-camp, "If I let a single man fire, the English will swear they gained the victory, and he had much better do it all himself; besides, look through my glass, and you will see the French are retreating." This was the case, for a violent storm of rain had occurred, and the French, who had crossed a river, finding that it began to swell, and that their bridges

were in danger of being carried away, had begun to retreat. The Spaniards maintained their position, but the duke said he believed they owed it to the storm more than to their own resolution. (Vol. i. p. 69.)

The duke said he had been struck down by a musket-shot whilst reconnoitring the enemy as they were retreating in the Pyrenees. The people round him thought he was killed, but he got up directly. Alava was wounded a few minutes before him, and Major Brooke nearly at the same time. He is of opinion that Massena was the best French general to whom he was ever opposed.

He said that Bonaparte had not the patience requisite for defensive operations. His last campaign (before the capture of Paris) was very brilliant, probably the ablest of all his performances. The duke is of opinion that if he had possessed greater patience he would have succeeded in compelling the allies to retreat; but they had adopted so judicious a system of defence that he was foiled in the impetuous attacks he made upon them, and after a partial failure which he met with, when he attacked Blücher at Laon and Craon, he got tired of pursuing a course which afforded no great results, and leaving a strong body under Marmont to watch Blücher, he threw himself into the rear of the Grand Army. The march upon Paris entirely disconcerted him and finished the war. The Allies could not have maintained themselves much longer, and had he continued to keep his force concentrated, and to carry it as occasion required against one or other of the two armies, the duke thinks he must eventually have forced them to retreat, and that their retreat would have been a difficult operation. The British army could not have reached the scene of operations for two months. The Allies did not dare attack Napoleon; if he had himself come up he should certainly have attacked him, for his army was the best that ever existed. (Vol. i. pp. 71, 72.)

*Wharsted, December 10th.*—I left Woburn on Thursday night last, and got here on Friday morning. The Lievens, Worcesters, Duke of Wellington, Neumann, and Montagu were here. The duke went away yesterday. We acted charades, which were very well done. Yesterday we went to shoot at Sir Philip Brooke's. As we went in the carriage, the duke talked a great deal about the battle of Waterloo and different things relating to that campaign. He said that he had 50,000 men at Waterloo. He began the campaign with 85,000 men, lost 5,000 men on the 16th, and had a corps of 20,000 men at Hal under Prince Frederick. He said that it was remarkable that nobody who had ever spoken of these operations had ever made mention of that corps, and Bonaparte was certainly ignorant of it. In this corps were the best of the Dutch troops; it had been placed there because the duke expected the attack to be made on that side. He said that the French army was the best army that was ever seen,

and that in the previous operations Bonaparte's march upon Belgium was the finest thing ever was done—so rapid and so well combined. His object was to beat the armies in detail, and this object succeeded in so far as that he attacked them separately; but from the extraordinary celerity with which the allied armies were got together he was not able to realize the advantages he had promised himself. The duke says that they certainly were not prepared for this attack, as the French had previously broken up the roads by which their army advanced; but as it was in summer this did not render them impassable. He says that Bonaparte beat the Prussians in a most extraordinary way, as the battle was gained in less than four hours; but that it would probably have been more complete if he had brought a greater number of troops into action, and not detached so large a body against the British corps. There were 40,000 men opposed to the duke on the 16th, but he says that the attack was not so powerful as it ought to have been with such a force. The French had made a long march the day before the battle, and had driven in the Prussian posts in the evening. I asked him if he thought Bonaparte had committed any fault. He said he thought he had committed a fault in attacking him in the position of Waterloo; that his object ought to have been to remove him as far as possible from the Prussian army, and that he ought consequently to have moved upon Hal, and to have attempted to penetrate by the same road by which the duke had himself advanced. He had always calculated upon Bonaparte's doing this, and for this purpose he had posted 20,000 men under Prince Frederick at Hal. He said that the position at Waterloo was uncommonly strong, but that the strength of it consisted alone in the two farms of Hougomont and La Haye Sainte, both of which were admirably situated and adapted for defence. In Hougomont there were never more than from 300 to 500 men, who were reinforced as it was necessary; and although the French repeatedly attacked this point, and sometimes with not less than 20,000 men, they never could even approach it. Had they obtained possession of it, they could not have maintained it, as it was open on one side to the whole fire of the English lines, whilst it was sheltered on the side towards the French. The duke said the farm of La Haye Sainte was still better than that of Hougomont, and that it never would have been taken if the officer who was commanding there had not neglected to make an aperture through which ammunition could be conveyed to his garrison. (Vol. i. pp. 39-41.)

On the occurrence of the French Revolution in 1830, Marmont came to London, and Mr. Greville had more than one conversation with him on military affairs. It is interesting to compare his account of the position of the contending forces

in the campaign of 1814 with that of the Duke of Wellington.

*At night.*—Went to Lady Glengall's to meet Marmont. He likes talking of his adventures, but he had done his Paris talk before I got there; however, he said a great deal about old campaigning and Bonaparte, which, as well as I recollect, I will put down.

As to the battle of Salamanca, he remarked that without meaning to detract from the glory of the English arms, he was inferior in force there; our army was provided with everything, well paid, and the country favourable, his "*dénudé de tout*," without pay, in a hostile country; that all his provisions came from a great distance and under great escorts, and his communications were kept up in the same way. I repeated what the Duke of Wellington had once told me, that if the emperor had continued the same plan, and fallen back on Paris, he would have obliged the Allies to retreat, and asked him what he thought. He rather agreed with this, but said the emperor had conceived one of the most splendid pieces of strategy that ever had been devised, which failed by the disobedience of Eugene. He sent orders to Eugene to assemble his army, in which he had 35,000 French troops, to amuse the Austrians by a negotiation for the evacuation of Italy; to throw the Italian troops into Alexandria and Mantua; to destroy the other fortresses, and going by forced marches with his French troops, force the passage of Mont Cenis, collect the scattered *corps d'armée* of Augereau (who was near Lyons) and another French general, which would make his force amount to above 60,000 men, and burst upon the rear of the Allies so as to cut off all their communications. These orders he sent to Eugene, but Eugene "*révoit d'être roi d'Italie après sa chute*," and he sent his aide-de-camp Tascher to excuse himself. The movement was not made, and the game was up. Lady Dudley Stewart was there, Lucien's daughter and Bonaparte's niece. Marmont was presented to her, and she heard him narrate all this; there is something very simple, striking, and soldier-like in his manner and appearance. He is going to Russia." (Vol. ii. pp. 33-6.)

Turning to the Duke of Wellington's comrade and colleague, Sir Robert Peel, we find his career, merits, and character as clearly delineated and as sharply canvassed as those of the hero of Waterloo: the same infusion of asperity and the same unreserved acknowledgment of his undoubted power and ability. There is this difference, that while the author knew and liked the Duke of Wellington, he does not seem to have been on terms of familiarity with Peel (as indeed very few people were) or to have found him congenial. He only once speaks of

meeting him in society, and thus describes him :—

*November 13th, 1833.*—To Buckenham, where I met Sir Robert Peel. He is very agreeable in society. It is a toss-up whether he talks or not; but if he thaws, and is in good humour and spirits, he is lively, entertaining, and abounding in anecdotes, which he tells extremely well. (Vol. iii. p. 35.)

We infer from this that he was not one of his intimates, or we should not have had to wait till the third volume for this testimony to his conversational powers, which we believe to be entirely deserved. To his debating ability he does ample but rather unwilling justice; but grumbles at his cold temperament, and condemns his political inconsistency. Among many notices of his political career, few of them without considerable indications of dislike, or at least distaste, the following account of the position which he occupied in 1834 is the most elaborate, and on the whole the fairest :—

Peel's is an enviable position; in the prime of life, with an immense fortune, *facile princeps* in the House of Commons, unshackled by party connections and prejudices, universally regarded as the ablest man, and with (on the whole) a very high character, free from the cares of office, able to devote himself to literature, to politics, or idleness, as the fancy takes him. No matter how unruly the House, how impatient or fatigued, the moment he rises all is silence, and he is sure of being heard with profound attention and respect. This is the enjoyable period of his life, and he must make the most of it, for when time and the hour shall bring about his return to power, his cares and anxieties will begin, and with whatever success his ambition may hereafter be crowned, he will hardly fail to look back with regret to this holiday time of his political career. How free and light he must feel at being liberated from the shackles of his old connections, and at being able to take any part that his sense of his own interests or of the public exigencies may point out! And then the satisfactory consciousness of being by far the most eminent man in the House of Commons, to see and feel the respect he inspires and the consideration he enjoys. It is a melancholy proof of the decadence of ability and eloquence in that House, when Peel is the first, and, except Stanley, almost the only real orator in it. He speaks with great energy, great dexterity—his language is powerful and easy; he reasons well, hits hard, and replies with remarkable promptitude and effect; but he is at an immense distance below the great models of eloquence, Pitt, Fox, and Canning; his voice is not melodious, and it is a little monotonous; his action is very ungraceful, his per-

son and manner are vulgar, and he has certain tricks in his motions which exhibit that vulgarity in a manner almost offensive, and which is only redeemed by the real power of his speeches. His great merit consists in his judgment, tact and discretion, his facility, promptitude, thorough knowledge of the assembly he addresses, familiarity with the details of every sort of Parliamentary business, and the great command he has over himself. He never was a great favourite of mine, but I am satisfied that he is the fittest man to be minister, and I therefore wish to see him return to power. (Vol. iii. pp. 64, 65.)

This tribute is to a considerable extent extorted: for in many prior passages he looks rather with alarm than pleasure to his future power. In 1835, we have this renewed testimony to his ascendancy in debate :—

On Friday night, on the debate upon Irish tithes, Peel bowled down his opponents, Howick, Rice, and Thomson, like so many nine-pins; for, besides his vigour and power in debate, his memory is so tenacious and correct, that they never can make any mistakes without his detecting them; and he is inconceivably ready in all references to former debates and their incidents, and the votes and speeches of individual members. It cannot be denied that he is a great performer in his present part. Old Sir Robert, who must have been a man of exceeding shrewdness, predicted that his full energies would never be developed till he was in the highest place, and had the sole direction of affairs; and his brother Lawrence, who told this to Henry de Ros, said that in early youth he evinced the same obstinate and unsocial disposition, which has since been so remarkable a feature of his character. I wish he was not hampered with the Irish Church fetters, which he cannot throw off. (Vol. iii. pp. 232, 233.)

In the prior references to Peel there is a suggestion, apparently quite falsified by the event, that there had been a momentary coolness between him and the Duke of Wellington, arising out of Peel's refusal to join the government which the duke attempted to form in May 1832. In one passage he attributes to Lord Lyndhurst the following description of the demeanour of the two great chiefs at the Cabinet :—“That in the Cabinet, he (the Duke of Wellington) was always candid and reasonable; not so Peel. He, if his opinion was not adopted, would take up a newspaper and sulk.” And again, in reference to the resignation of Lord Grey in 1832, of which the author gives a long and curious account, he says :—“No cordiality, however, can exist again between him (Peel) and the duke and his friends; and



should the Whig government be expelled, the animosity and disunion engendered by these circumstances, will make it extremely difficult to form a Tory administration." He adds, however, this note:—"In a short time it was all made up—forgiven if not forgotten." (Vol. iii. p. 328.)

Taken as a whole, however, the part of the criticism on this great statesman's political character which seems to us to be most substantially just is that on the consistency of his public conduct. The rest had doubtless some foundation in the temperament of the man; but the strong expressions which our author applied to him, as those in which he sometimes speaks of the Duke of Wellington, must be taken as the expression of a momentary impression rather than his deliberate opinion. Peel was quite capable of attaching, and he did attach to him a circle of warm and devoted followers, whom his sagacity singled out to be, and who have since proved, leaders of affairs and of opinion in this country. So far was he, as our author suggests, from being cold to the rising statesmen of the day, he chiefly, if not alone of the ministers of this century, fostered the early promise of public men—a great quality in the leader of a party, and one too often neglected. He outlived the unfavourable impressions which his course on the Catholic Relief Bill had created, and which his resolute and manly policy on the Corn Laws entirely overshadowed; and went down to his untimely grave honoured and lamented by all parties, leaving behind him the fame, not of a great debater merely, but of a great and successful minister.

Our space will not allow us to follow out in the same detail the other prominent portraits in the gallery. That of Lord Stanley, the future Lord Derby, is, perhaps nearer the truth than most of them. Mr. Greville is too disparaging and severe in some of the epithets which he applies to Lord Grey; nor can a Whig read without something of indignation the slighting terms in which he speaks of one to whom the Liberal party and the country owe so deep a debt of gratitude. That a statesman who had won his early laurels forty years before, and had held the banner flying through many dark years of depression and desertion—who had earned the rest which he coveted, as he himself said,

Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease,

should have felt the troubles and intrigues of the stormy period of 1831 press hardly on his nerves, or even on his temper, is neither wonderful, nor a fit subject for sarcasm. Yet Mr. Greville does ample justice to his great oratorical power; and those who venerate his memory might find the fullest testimony to the constancy, fidelity, and loftiness of his character in the narrative which these volumes contain. Mr. Greville justly calls him "the most finished orator of the day" (vol. ii. p. 88). He tells the following anecdote, illustrative of his intellectual vigour:—

Stanley said there would be a great speech from Lord Grey, talked of his power in that line, thought his reply at five in the morning on the Catholic question the most perfect speech that ever was made. He would rather have made it than four of Lord Brougham's. He gave the following instance of Lord Grey's readiness and clear-headed accuracy. In one of the debates on the West India question, he went to Stanley, who was standing under the gallery, and asked him on what calculation he had allotted the sum of twenty millions. Stanley explained to him a complicated series of figures, of terms of years, interest, compound interest, value of labour, &c., after which Lord Grey went back to his place, rose, and went through the whole with as much clearness and precision as if all these details had been familiar to his mind. (Vol. iii. p. 10.)

He adds, "It is very extraordinary that he should unite so much oratorical and parliamentary power with such weakness of character. He is a long way from a great man after all." So Mr. Greville says of him as of most of his contemporaries; but his vision was narrowed by too close vicinity to his object. The country has judged him differently, and nothing in these volumes will disturb their verdict.

The author reserves all the vials of his asperity for his character of Brougham. Full of unspeakable admiration for his transcendent and wonderful ability, and of scorn, contempt, and denunciation of his conduct and motives, are the many pages which he devotes to an analysis of the qualities of that most extraordinary man. The following is the first impression of him described in the journal, in 1828:—

About three weeks ago I passed a few days at Panshanger, where I met Brougham; he came from Saturday till Monday morning, and from the hour of his arrival to that of his departure he never ceased talking. The party



was agreeable enough — Luttrell, Rogers, &c. — but it was comical to see how the latter was provoked at Brougham's engrossing all the talk, though he could not help listening with pleasure. Brougham is certainly one of the most remarkable men I ever met; to say nothing of what he is in the world, his almost childish gaiety and animal spirits, his humour mixed with sarcasm, but not ill-natured, his wonderful information, and the facility with which he handles every subject, from the most grave and severe to the most trifling, displaying a mind full of varied and extensive information and a memory which has suffered nothing to escape it, I never saw any man whose conversation impressed me with such an idea of his superiority over all others. As Rogers said the morning of his departure, "This morning Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Archimedes, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Chesterfield, and a great many more went away in one postchaise." (Vol. ii. pp. 117, 118.)

Even then, however, he adds: — "After all, Brougham is only a living and very remarkable instance of the inefficacy of the most splendid talents, unless they are accompanied with other qualities, which scarcely admit of definition, but which must serve the same purpose that ballast does for a ship." Subsequently, in 1830, he writes after the formation of the Grey government: —

*November 22nd.* — [The day on which Brougham took his seat on the Woolsack.] Dined yesterday at Sefton's; nobody there but Lord Grey and his family, Brougham and Montrond, the latter just come from Paris. It was excessively agreeable. Lord Grey in excellent spirits, and Brougham, whom Sefton bantered from the beginning to the end of dinner. Be Brougham's political errors what they may, his gaiety, temper, and admirable social qualities make him delightful, to say nothing of his more solid merits, of liberality, generosity, and charity; for charity it is to have taken the whole family of one of his brothers who is dead — nine children — and maintained and educated them. (Vol. ii. p. 69.)

Four years after, the following entry occurs, which is creditable to the writer's candour if it be not in some part, at least, a key to his sentiments: —

His friends think him much altered in spirits and appearance: he has never shaken off his unhappiness at his brother's death, to whom he seems to have been tenderly attached. It is only justice to acknowledge his virtues in private life, which are unquestionably conspicuous. I am conscious of having often spoken of him with asperity, and it is some satisfaction to my conscience to do him this justice. When the greatest (I will not say the

best) men are often influenced by pique or passion, by a hundred petty feelings which their philosophy cannot silence or their temperament obeys, it is no wonder that we poor wretches who are cast in less perfect moulds should be still more liable to these pernicious influences; and it is only by keeping an habitual watch over our own minds and thoughts, and steadily resolving never to be turned from considerations of justice and truth, that we can hope to walk through life with integrity and impartiality. I believe what I have said of Brougham to be correct in the main — that he is false, tricking, ambitious, and unprincipled, and as such I will show him up when I can — but though I do not like him and he has offended me — that is, has wounded my vanity (the greatest of all offences) — I only feel it the more necessary on that account to be on my guard against my own impressions and prejudices, and to take every opportunity of exhibiting the favourable side of the picture, and render justice to the talents and virtues which cannot be denied him. (Vol. iii. pp. 76, 77.)

The author, in his narrative, traces very graphically Brougham's remarkable career, from the period of the queen's trial, until his great and as it proved permanent downfall in 1835. To his wonderful powers of debate he is never tired of recurring; and in one passage, on the Irish Church Bill, when Peel and Stanley had it all their own way, he wonders how it would flutter the Conservative camp could they have but one half-hour of Brougham.

Of the charges of insincerity and treachery which so often recur in these volumes it is needless to speak here. It is not the first time they have been made; but Mr. Greville leaves us, as others have left us, much in the dark as to the specific acts on which they have been founded. Some things, however, are plain enough. Brougham certainly wanted ballast, as Mr. Greville said. There was a dash of eccentricity and excitable restlessness which tinged all his career. He was sharp in speech, and cared not sometimes if he trod on the tenderest susceptibilities even of those intimate with him. He did not like "a brother near the throne," and was jealous as well as ambitious when his own advancement was in question. He was volatile, reckless, and forgetful, one set of ideas driving out their predecessors in marvellous succession. Such a one makes enemies in the mere wantonness of power and excitement. But of his relations with the Whig party in 1830 Mr. Greville gives us some revelations.

When we find members of the party he had led to victory in the House of Commons rejoicing that his wings were clipped and his influence neutralized by his removal to the Lords, can we much wonder that when he discovered this he meditated some reprisals? The want of confidence was not entirely on one side, if this picture be true, nor could those expect party loyalty who failed to give it. If Brougham was jealous of others, others were jealous of him; and without believing, with Mr. Greville, that the insult of being offered the post of attorney-general was the source of the discontent, we do not think the causes of the ultimate result require any mystery to be solved to ascertain them. Brougham was probably a restless uncomfortable colleague, given to indiscreet remarks, and not prone to conceal or refrain from ridicule or contempt. In or out of season his arrogant and imperious spirit was impatient of control, and despised inferior minds, the greatest mistake a man who aspires to leadership can commit. Finding himself only welcomed because he could not be excluded, he naturally looked to strengthen his own position, perhaps not regarding much that of others who were ready to sacrifice him. All this does not necessarily imply the imputation of perfidious conduct, although having thrown for the stake and lost, it is not surprising that he was not allowed his revenge. The retrospect is sad enough; but in the memory of what he did, we had rather not remember what faint friends, more than open enemies, have sometimes accused him of doing.

O'Connell and Lyndhurst are the remaining portraits, both very well painted. O'Connell's rise and reign form very prominent features in the book; his immense influence, his social position, and extraordinary power of popular speaking are first recounted. Then comes the Clare election, and Mr. Greville concludes he will fail in the House. Then he speaks from the bar of the House, and Mr. Greville concludes that he will succeed. The rest of his career, or at least that which was the most important part of it, is fully narrated, and the character of the great agitator given in too minute detail for us to transcribe. Mr. Greville met him once in society, and says of him that there was nothing remarkable in his conversation, but that he seemed well bred and at his ease. O'Connell indeed was entirely a man of

the world, and was of mark in any society he entered.

Lord Lyndhurst, as he appears in the scattered notices in the journal, is a livelier sketch. There are few hard words about him, and much pleasant and lively talk recorded. His politics sat very lightly on him; he was not trammelled by earnestness or enthusiasm of any kind; had a genial sparkling spirit which was sympathetic with that of the journalist, and no very fixed or unbending opinions. It was new to us to know, as Mr. Greville informs us, that Lord Grey would have made Lyndhurst chancellor if he could. We cannot pause over the characteristic traces of this most accomplished and remarkable man which many pages of these volumes contain. They are all refreshing and agreeable, and contrast pleasantly with the sombre shades which Mr. Greville has frequently on his palette. Sombre as they are, however, these are the tints in which a keen observer can hardly fail to depict what he sees around him in social and political life. Mr. Greville's highest merit, as a chronicler of his times, seems to us to be his searching analysis of *character*. With inimitable penetration and with great felicity of style, he has drawn his contemporaries as they were. It is the rarest quality in a writer of history to trace such portraits alike without concealment and without malice, and we doubt not that they will go down to posterity as they are depicted in these pages.

To some persons it may appear, however, that the main interest and merit of this work does not consist so much in the author's anecdotes of distinguished men as in his narrative of the secret and less familiar history of very important and familiar events. The book begins in 1819—when the Holy Alliance, the Six Acts, and the highest of Toryism were in the ascendant. It ends in 1837, when every trace of them had perished. There is no better or more graphic history of these remarkable events extant than is to be found in Mr. Greville's contemporaneous memoranda—and his habit of leaving his daily impressions uncanceled, while it impairs the accuracy of his opinions, adds greatly to the vividness of his book as a history. Nothing can be more interesting than to watch, through these faithful pages, the gradual decay of old abuse, and the rise of genuine constitutional popular influence. The squabbles of men and cabinets, and the

intrigues of party, as we now look back on them through a vista of forty or fifty years, important and absorbing as they were at the time, were but the indications of elements over which cabinets and statesmen had little power. But it is through that medium that we can trace most accurately the growth and progress of that great political revolution through which, in the space of fifteen years, this country passed, happier than its neighbours, without anything which deserved the name of popular tumult, and with increased security and stability to all its ancient and constitutional institutions.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
THREE FEATHERS.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

#### SPRING-TIME.

THE spring-time had indeed arrived — rapidly and imperceptibly; and all at once it seemed as if the world had grown green, and the skies fair and clear, and the winds sweet with a new and delightful sweetness. Each morning that Wenna went out brought some further wonder with it — along the budding hedgerows, in the colours of the valley, in the fresh warmth of the air, and the white light of the skies. And at last the sea began to show its deep and resplendent summer blue, when the morning happened to be still, and there was a silvery haze along the coast.

"Mabyn, is your sister at home? And do you think she could go up to the Hall for a little while, for my mother wants to see her? And do you think she would walk round by the cliffs — for it is such a capital morning — if you came with her?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Trelyon," said Mabyn, readily, and with far more respect and courtesy than she usually showed to the young gentleman, "I am quite sure Wenna can go; and I know she would like to walk round by the cliffs — she is always glad to do that — and I will tell her to get ready instantly. But I can't go, Mr. Trelyon — I am exceedingly busy this morning."

"Why, you have been reading a novel!"

"But I am going to be exceedingly busy," said Mabyn, petulantly. "You can't expect people to be always working

— and I tell you I can't go with you, Mr. Trelyon."

"Oh, very well," said he, carelessly; "you needn't show your temper."

"My temper!" said Mabyn; but then she recollected herself, and smiled derisively, and went away to fetch her sister.

When Wenna came outside into the sunlight, and went forward to shake hands with him, with her dark eyes lit up by a friendly smile, it seemed to him that not for many a day — not certainly during all the time of her engagement with Mr. Roscorla — had he seen her look so pleased, happy, and contented. She still bore that quiet gravity of demeanour which had made him call her the little Puritan, and there was the same earnestness in her eyes as they regarded any one; but there was altogether a brighter aspect about her face that pleased him exceedingly. For he was very well disposed to this shy and yet matter-of-fact young person, and was alternately amused by the quaintness of her motherly ways in dealing with the people about her, and startled into admiration by some sudden glimpse of the fine sincerity of her nature. He had done more to please her — he had gone to church several times, and tried to better his handwriting, and resolved to be more careful in speaking of parsons in her presence — than he ever thought he could have done to please any woman.

So these two set forth on this bright and cheerful morning; and one would have said, to see them as they went, that two happier young folks were not within the county of Cornwall at that moment. Wenna had a pleasant word for every one that passed; and when they had gone by the mill, and reached the narrow path by the tiny harbour, where no more neighbours were to be seen, she appeared to transfer her abounding sympathy to all the objects around her, and she spoke to them, and laughed to them, so that all the world seemed to be friendly with her. Her sister used to say that her fingers tingled to the very tips with kindness; and at this moment she seemed as though she could have kissed her hand to all the birds and animals around, and wished them joy that they had so fine a morning.

"Ho, ho! Mr. Porpoise," she laughed and said as she saw far below her a big fish slowly heel over in the blue water of the harbour; "don't you come too far

up, or you won't like the stones in the stream, I know!"

There was a hawk hovering high in the air over Blackcliff—Treylon was watching it keenly.

"Oh, go away, you bad bird," she cried, "and let the poor little things alone!" And sure enough, at this moment, the motionless speck up there began to flutter its wings, and presently it sailed away over the cliff, and was seen no more.

"Mother Sheep," she said to the inattentive custodian of two very small lambs with very thick legs and uncertain gait, "why don't you look after your children? you'll have them tumbling down the rocks into the sea in about a minute—that's about what you'll do!"

"Boom!" she said to a great humble-bee that flew heavily by; and to a white butterfly that went this way and that over the warm grass on the hillside she called out, "My pretty lady, aren't you glad the summer is coming?"

She talked to the white and grey gulls that were wheeling over the sea, and to the choughs flying hither and thither about the steep precipices of the cliff. They did not answer her; but that was no matter. From her childhood she had believed that she knew them all, and that they knew her; and that even the cliffs, and the sea, and the clouds regarded her, and spoke to her in a strange and silent fashion. Once she had come back from the mouth of the harbour on a sultry afternoon, when as yet the neighbours had heard nothing of the low mutterings of the distant and coming storm; and when her mother asked the child why she was so silent, she said, "I have been listening to God walking on the sea."

Well, they sat down on a seat which fronted the wide opening in the cliffs and the great plain of the Atlantic beyond, that was this morning of a light and sunny sea-green, with here and there broad purple stains of shadow as the summer clouds passed rapidly over the sky from the west. In the warm sunshine, the gorse on the hill behind them, and the grass on the pasture-land, sweetened the air. The wind blew fresh in from the sea; and as the green waves broke white along the rocks beneath them, the brisk breeze carried with it a flavour of salt from the fine clouds of the spray. The spring-time seemed to have given life and colour to the sea as well as to the land, for all the world was brilliant with the new brightness of the skies.

"And isn't it first-rate," said Master

Harry, wishing to say something very pleasant to his companion, "that Mr. Roscorla is having such fine weather on his way out? I am sure you would have been very anxious if there had been any storms about. I hope he will be successful; he's a good sort of fellow."

No one who was not acquainted with this young gentleman could have guessed at the dire effort he had to make in order to pronounce these few sentences. He was not accustomed to say formally civil things. He was very bad at paying compliments; and as for saying anything friendly of Mr. Roscorla, he had to do it with a mental grimace. But Wenna was very familiar with the lad and his ways. At another time she would have been amused and pleased to observe his endeavours to be polite; and now, if she hastened away from the subject, it was only because she never heard Mr. Roscorla's name mentioned without feeling embarrassment and showing it. She murmured something about a hope that Mr. Roscorla would not find the voyage to Jamaica fatiguing; and then, somewhat hastily, drew her companion's attention to another porpoise which was showing itself from time to time outside the rocks.

"I wish Mr. Roscorla had made me your guardian in his absence," said this blundering lad, who was determined to be on his best behaviour. "I quite agree with Mabyn that you overwork yourself in doing for other people what the lazy beggars ought to do for themselves. Oh, I know more than you think. I'd wake some of them up if I had the chance. Why, they look on you as a sort of special providence, bound to rescue them at any moment. I was told only yesterday of old Mother Truscott having said to a neighbour, 'Well, if Miss Wenna won't help me, then the Lord's will be done.'"

"Oh, yes, I know," said his companion, with some impatience; "she is always saying that. I said to her the other day, when I got out of temper, 'Why, of course the Lord's will will be done; you don't suppose he wants your permission? But if you'd only look after your own house, and bestir yourself, and keep it smart, your husband wouldn't go on as he does.' There's nothing I hate worse than that sort of pretended piety. Why, when Abiathar Annot's boy died, I thought he'd be out of his senses with grief, and I went up to see if he was all right about the house, and to say a friend-



ly word to him; and directly I went into the house he said to me, quite complacently, 'Well, Miss Rosewarne, you know we must bow to the will of the Lord, and accept his chastenings as mercies.' 'Oh,' said I, 'if you take it that way, I've no more to say,' and I left the place. I don't believe in all that sort of——"

She suddenly stopped, recollecting to whom she was speaking. Were these proper confessions to be made to a young man who had such a godless hatred of parsons, and churches, and all good things; and whose conversion to more respectable ways she had many a time wished to attempt? She dropped that subject; and Master Harry was so resolved to be proper and virtuous that morning, that he took no advantage of what she had said. He even in an awkward fashion, observed that all pious people were not hypocrites; one had to draw distinctions. Of course there were pious people who were really sincere. He hoped Miss Wenna would not suspect him of being so prejudiced as not to know that. Miss Wenna was a little inclined to smile, but she controlled her countenance; and Master Harry, having paid these ingenuous compliments to virtue and religion, rose with a frank sigh of relief, proposed that they should continue their walk up the hill, and was soon engaged in telling her—with a much gayer tone in his voice and with a return to his old impertinent carelessness—of some wild adventure in cliff-hunting which he and his faithful Dick had encountered together.

They seemed to be in no great hurry, these two. It was a morning that invited to idleness. They chatted about all sorts of things, or were silent, with equal and happy indifference, he watching the sea-birds, she stooping from time to time to pick up some tiny flower of pale yellow or purple. In this fashion they made their way up to the summit of the cliffs, and there before them lay the great plain of the windy sea, and the long wall of precipice running down into the southwest, and the high and bleak uplands, marked by the square towers of small and distant churches. They struck across the fields to one of those churches—that which Master Harry had been persuaded to visit. The place was now silent enough: two jackdaws sat on the slender weather-cock; the sunlight was warm on the silvery grey tower, and on the long green grass in the churchyard,

in which the first daisies of the spring had appeared. Then they went down through some narrow lanes towards the higher portion of Eglosilyan; and under the hedges were masses of pale primroses, and the purple blossoms of the ground-ivy, and the golden stars of the celandine. They drew near some of the cottages; and in the gardens the flowering currant was in bloom, and everywhere there was a scent of wallflower. They crossed the main thoroughfare of the village; it was empty but for the presence of a small boy, who, with a slate slung on one side and a bag made of carpet slung on the other, had apparently been sent home from school for some reason or other. The youthful scholar most respectfully took off his cap to Miss Wenna as she gave him a kindly greeting in passing.

"They say all that is owing to you," Trelyon remarked.

"All what?"

"The good manners of the people in this village. The women bob you a curtsy as you pass, the girls say good-morning or good-evening, the boys take off their caps, even if you are a perfect stranger. But you don't suppose that happens in every village in Cornwall? My mother was speaking about it only this morning."

Wenna was sufficiently surprised to know that she had got the credit of the courtesy shown to strangers by the Eglosilyan folks; but even more surprised to learn that Master Harry had deigned to engage in conversation with his mother. He also seemed to be taking his first lessons in civility.

"Oh," she said, "that boy ought to pay me every attention to make up for his bad conduct. He was once a sweetheart of mine, and he deceived me. He sold me for sixpence."

She sighed.

"It is true. He adopted me as his sweetheart, and every time I saw him he promised to marry me when he grew up. But there came a change. He avoided me, and I had to catch him, and ask him why. He confessed. I wasn't his sweetheart any more. His elder brother, aged ten, I think, had also wanted me for a sweetheart, and he had a sixpence; and sixpence was the price of a new sort of spinning-top that had just been put into the window at the post-office; and the elder brother proposed to the younger brother to take the sixpence and buy the top, and hand me over. 'So yū baint



my sweetheart anny mower,' said the young gentleman, forgetting his good English in his grief. But I think he has a tender recollection of me even now."

"I'd have thrashed the little brute for his meanness if I had been you," said her companion, in his off-hand way.

"Oh no," she answered, with a meek sarcasm; "wasn't he only doing as a child what grown-up gentlemen are said to do? When there is money on the one hand and a sweetheart on the other, doesn't the sweetheart suffer as a rule?"

"What can you know about it?" he said bluntly. "In any case, *you* don't run any danger. Mr. Roscorla is not likely to be tempted by bags of gold."

Mr. Roscorla — always Mr. Roscorla. Wenna, who crimsoned deeply at the slightest reference to the relations between herself and her absent lover, began to be somewhat angry with this thoughtless lad, who would continually introduce the name. What was his object in doing so? To show her that he never failed to remember her position, and that that was his excuse for talking very frankly to her, as he would have done to a sister? Or merely to please her by speaking of one who ought to be very dear to her? She was not indebted to him for this blundering effort of kindness; and on any less cheerful morning might have visited him with one of those fits of formal politeness or of constrained silence with which young ladies are accustomed to punish too forward acquaintances.

But Miss Wenna had it not in her heart to be reserved on this pleasant forenoon; she good-naturedly overlooked the pertinacious mistakes of her companion; and talked to him — and to the flowers, and birds, and trees around her — with a happy carelessness until the two of them together made their way up to the Hall. Just as Master Harry opened the gate at the end of the avenue, and turned to let her through, he seemed for the first time to notice her dress. He made no scruple of stopping her for a moment to look at it.

"Oh, I say, I wish you could get my mother to dress like you!"

The burst of admiration was so genuine that Miss Wenna — being only a girl — was very much pleased indeed; and blushed a little, and would rather have passed on. There was nothing, indeed, remarkable about her costume — about the rough light-grey dress with its touches here and there of blue, nor yet

about the white hat with its forget-me-nots and big white daisies — except that it seemed to fit well a very pretty figure, and also that the blue suited the dark and clear complexion and the dark eyes and hair.

"I'm sick of her stalking about the house in the guise of a ghost — she all white, everything else black. I say, Wenna, don't you think you could get her to dress like a human being?"

"But if it is her wish, you ought to respect it."

"It's only a craze," he said, impatiently.

"It may seem so to you," his companion said; "but she has her own reasons for it, and they deserve your sympathy, even though they may not convince you. And you ought not to speak in that harsh way of one who is so very good and gentle, and who is so considerate towards you."

"Oh, you always find excuses for people," he said, roughly. "Everybody should be considered, and respected, and have their fine feelings praised and coddled, according to you. Everybody is perfect, according to you."

"Oh dear, no," she said, quite humbly.

"I know one or two people whose conduct and habits, and their manners, too, might be very much improved indeed."

"I suppose you mean me?" he said.

"And if I did?" she said boldly. "Don't you think, when you want your mother to be just as you would have her to be, that she might turn round and say that there was a great deal more in you that she might wish to have altered? You know her manner of life is not necessarily wrong merely because you can't understand it. As for yours —"

"Go ahead!" he cried, with a loud and suddenly good-natured laugh. "Heap up all my sins on my head! I'm getting used to be lectured now. Please, Miss Puritan, would you like me to get a surplice and come and sing hymns in the choir?"

Miss Puritan did not answer. There was no look of annoyance on her face — only a certain calm reserve that told her companion that he had somehow wounded the friendly confidence that had sprung up between them during this pleasant morning ramble. And at this moment they reached the front of the Hall, where Mrs. Trelyon came forward to greet her visitor, so that Master Harry had no further opportunity just then of asking her whether he had offended her, and of making an apology. He listened

for a few minutes to his mother talking to Wenna about that sewing-club. He became impatient with himself, and vexed, for Wenna seemed in no wise to recognize his presence; and of course his mother did not ask his advice about the purchase of flannel. He tossed about the books on the table; he teased an Angola cat that was lying before the fire until it tried to bite him, and then he put its nose into the water of a flower-vase. With the feather of a quill dipped in ink he drew a fox on one of the white tiles of the fireplace; and then he endeavoured to remove that work of art with the edge of a scarlet and gold foot-stool. These various occupations affording him no relief, he got up, stretched his legs, and said to his mother,

"Mother, you keep her here for lunch. I shall be back at two."

"Oh, but I can't stay so long," Wenna said, suddenly, "I know I shall be wanted at home."

"Oh no, you won't," the young gentleman said, coolly, "I know you won't. Maby told me so. Besides, I am going down now to tell them you will be back at four."

And so he went away, but his walk down to the inn was not as pleasant as that roundabout ramble up to the Hall had been.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

##### ONLY A BASKET OF PRIMROSES.

"WHAT a busy life you must lead," said Mrs. Trelyon, looking with a gentle wonder at the young lady before her. "You seem to know how to do everything."

Miss Wenna coloured a little, and said something about having had to help her mother for many years past.

"And such a knowledge of the world as you have!" Mrs. Trelyon continued, unconsciously staring at the girl as if she were some strange phenomenon. "Where did you get it?"

"That I am sure I have not got," Wenna said, brightening considerably, "for the strangers who come to the inn of course don't speak to me, except one or two of the very old ladies sometimes, and all they speak about is the scenery. But Maby and I read the remarks in the visitors' book, and these are very amusing, especially the poetry that the young gentlemen write; and indeed, Mrs. Trelyon, if one were to judge by that book, one would think that the world was very silly. The elderly gentlemen generally

praise the cooking; the elderly ladies generally say something nice about the cleanliness of the bedrooms and the good attendance; and the young ladies write about anything, recommending other visitors to go to particular places, or saying what they think of the Cornish peasantry. I am sure they are all very good-natured to us, and say very nice things of the inn; but then it looks so silly. And the young gentlemen are far the worst — especially the university young gentlemen, for they write such stupid poetry and make such bad jokes. I suppose it is that the fresh air gives them very good spirits, and they don't care what they say, and they never expect that their friends will see what they have written. I have noticed, though, that the walking gentleman never write such things when they are leaving, for they are always too anxious about the number of miles they have to get over on that day, and they are always anxious, too, about the heels of their stockings. If you would like to see the book —"

Wenna stopped. Mrs. Trelyon had been very good in extending a sort of acquaintance to her, and now proposed to help her in a way with her work. But she was going too far in expecting that this reserved and silent lady should become a visitor at the inn, or interest herself in its commonplace affairs. At this moment, indeed, Mrs. Trelyon was so very much reserved, that she did not notice either Wenna's tentative invitation or her embarrassment when she cut it short.

"I wish," she said absently, showing what she had been thinking about, "I wish you could get Harry to go to one of the universities."

It was now Wenna's turn to stare. Did the mother of that young gentleman seriously think that this stranger-girl had such an influence over him?

"Oh, Mrs. Trelyon," Wenna said, "how could I —"

"He would do anything for you," the gentle lady said, with much simplicity and honesty. "He pays no attention to anything I say to him; but he would do anything for you. His whole manner changes when you are in the house. I think you are the only person in the world he is afraid of. And it was so good of you to get him to go to church."

"I am sure it was not I," said Wenna, getting rather afraid.

"But I know," said Mrs. Trelyon, quite affectionately, "for I have seen every-

body else try and fail. You see, my dear, you are in a peculiar position. You are young, and a pleasant companion for a young man; and as you are no relation of his he is courteous to you. And then, you see, your being engaged to be married enables him to speak freely to you and treat you as a friend, and I think, besides, you have acquired some means of keeping him in check, and having authority over him, and I am sure he would do more for you than for any one I know. As for me, I have never had any control over him; but he is at least civil to me when you are in the room."

Wenna rose.

"Mrs. Trelyon," she said, "don't you think it is a pity to stay indoors on such a beautiful morning? The air is quite mild and warm outside."

She was glad to get out. There was something in this declaration of her responsibility for the young man's conduct which considerably startled and frightened her. It was all very well for her to administer an occasional sharp reproof to him when he was laughing and joking with herself and Mabyn, but to become the recognized monitress of so wild a pupil as Master Harry—to have his own mother appeal to her—that was quite a different affair. And on this occasion, when Mrs. Trelyon had got a shawl, and come outside with her guest, all her talk was about her son, and his ways, and his prospects. It was very clear that with all her lamentations over his conduct, Mrs. Trelyon was very fond of the young man, and was quite assured too that he had the brains to do anything he might be induced to undertake. Wenna listened in a vague way to all these complaints and speculations, and covert praises; she did not find her position so embarrassing in the open air as in that close drawing-room. They walked through the leafy alleys of the garden, unconsciously regarding the beautiful colour of the new spring flowers, and listening to the larks singing high up in the blue. From time to time, as they turned, they caught a glimpse of hills all ablaze with gorse; and near the horizon a long line of pale azure with a single white ship visible in the haze. On the other side of the valley a man was harrowing; they could hear him calling to the horses, and the jingling of the chains. Then there was the murmur of the stream far below, where the sunlight just caught the light green of the larches. These, and the constant singing of the birds around

them, were the only sounds that accompanied their talk, as they wandered this way and that by brilliant garden-plots or through shaded avenues, where the air was sweet with the fresh scents of the opening summer.

And at last they came back to the proposal that Wenna should try to persuade Master Harry to go to Oxford or Cambridge.

"But, Mrs. Trelyon," the girl said earnestly, "I am quite sure you mistake altogether my relations with your son. I could not presume to give him advice. It would not be my place to do so even if we were on the footing of friends, and that, at present, is out of the question. Don't you see, Mrs. Trelyon, that because Mr. Trelyon in coming about the inn was good-natured enough to make the acquaintance of my father, and to talk to us girls, it would not do for any of us to forget how we are situated. I don't anyway—perhaps because I am proud—but, at all events, I should not presume on Mr. Trelyon's good nature. Don't you see, Mrs. Trelyon?"

"I see that you are a very practical, and sensible, and plain-spoken young lady," her companion said, regarding her with a kindly look, "but I think you don't do my son justice. It is not thoughtlessness that made him make your acquaintance. I don't think he ever did a more prudent thing in his life before. And then, dear Miss Rosewarne, you must remember—if I may speak of such a thing—that you will soon be the wife of one of the very few friends we have about here; and you must excuse us if we claim you as a friend already, and try to take advantage of your friendship. Now, do you see that?"

Wenna was not persuaded; but she was, at all events, very pleased to see that occasionally Mrs. Trelyon could forget her brooding sentimental fancies and become, comparatively, bright and talkative.

"Now will you say a word to him when he comes home for lunch?"

"Oh no, I can't do that, Mrs. Trelyon," Wenna said, "it would be quite rude of me to do that. Besides, if you would not be displeased with me, Mrs. Trelyon, for saying so, I don't think going to a university would do him any good. I don't think—I hope you won't be vexed with me—that he has had sufficient schooling. And isn't there an examination before you could get in? Well, I don't know about that; but I am

quite sure that if he did get in, he would be too proud to put himself in competition with the other young men who were properly prepared for study, and he would take to boating, or cricket, or some such thing. Now, don't you think, Mrs. Trelyon, he would be as well occupied in amusing himself here, where you might gradually get him to take an interest in something besides shooting and fishing? He knows far more things than most people fancy, I know that. My father says he is very clever and can pick up anything you tell him; and that he knows more about the management of an estate, and about the slate quarries, and about mining too, than people imagine. And as for me," added the girl bravely, "I will say this, that I think him very clever indeed, and that he will make a straightforward and honourable man, and I should like to see him in Parliament, where he would be able to hold his own, I know."

"Oh, my dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Trelyon, with a joyful face, "I am so grateful to you. I am so proud to know you think so highly of him. And won't you say a word to him? He will do whatever you please."

But Miss Wenna had somehow been startled into that confession, and the sudden burst of honesty left her considerably ashamed and embarrassed. She would not promise to intermeddle in the matter, whatever she had been induced to say about the future of the young man. She stooped to pick up a flower to cover her confusion, and then she asked Mrs. Trelyon to be good enough to excuse her staying to lunch.

"Oh no, I dare not do that," Mrs. Trelyon said, "Harry would pull the house down when he found I had let you go. You know we have no visitors at present, and it will be such a pleasure to have him lunch with me; he seldom does, and never at all if there are visitors. But really, Miss Rosewarne, it is so inconsiderate of me to talk always of him, as if you were as much interested as myself. Why the whole morning we have not said a word about you and all you are looking forward to. I do hope you will be happy. I am sure you will be, for you have such a sensible way of regarding things, and all is sure to go well. I must say that I thought Harry was a little more mad than usual when he first told me about that money; but now I know you, I am very, very glad indeed, and very pleased that I could be of some

little service to Mr. Roscorla for your sake."

The girl beside her did not understand; she looked up with wondering eyes.

"What money, Mrs. Trelyon?"

"I mean the money that Harry got for Mr. Roscorla—the money, you know, for these Jamaica estates; is it possible Mr. Roscorla did not tell you before he left?"

"I don't know anything about it, Mrs. Trelyon, and I hope you will tell me at once," Wenna said, with some decision in her tone, but with a strange sinking at her heart.

"You don't know, then?" Mrs. Trelyon said, with a sudden fear that she had been indiscreet. "Oh, it is nothing, a mere business arrangement. Of course, gentlemen don't care to have these things talked over. I hope you won't mention it, dear Miss Rosewarne; I really thought you might have overheard them speaking of the matter."

Wenna said nothing. The soft dark eyes looked a little troubled, but that was all. And presently, up came young Trelyon, full of good spirits, and noise, and bustle; and he drove his mother and Wenna before him into the house; and hurried up the servants, and would open the wine himself. His mother checked him for whistling at luncheon; his reply was to toss the leg of a fowl on to the hearthrug, where a small and shaggy terrier immediately began to worry it. He put the Angola cat on the table to see if it would eat some Cornish cream off his plate. His pigeons got to know of his being in the house, and came flying about the windows and walking jerkily over the lawn; he threw up the window and flung them a couple of handfuls of crumbs.

"Oh, Miss Wenna," said he, "would you like to see my tame fox? I am sure you would. Mather, you cut round to the stables and tell old Luke to bring that fox here—off you go—leave the claret this side."

"But I do not wish to see the fox; I particularly dislike foxes," said Wenna with some asperity; and Mather was recalled.

Master Harry grinned to himself; it was the first time he had been able to get her to speak to him. From the beginning of luncheon she had sat almost silent, observing his vagaries and listening to his random talk in silence; when she spoke it was always in answer to his



mother. Very soon after luncheon she begged Mrs. Trelyon to excuse her going away; and then she went and put on her hat.

"I'll see you down to the inn," said Master Harry, when she came out to the hall-door.

"Thank you, it is quite unnecessary," she said, somewhat coldly.

"Oh," said he, "you may be as nasty as you please, but I shall conquer you by my extreme politeness."

At another time she would have laughed at the notion of this young gentleman complimenting himself on his politeness; now, as she walked quietly down the gravelled path to the gate, she was very grave, and, indeed, took no notice of his presence.

"Wenna," said he, after he had shut the gate, and rejoined her, "is it fair to make such a fuss about a chance word? I think you are very hard. I did not mean to offend you."

"You have not offended me, Mr. Trelyon."

"Then why do you look so precious glum?"

She made no answer.

"Now look here, be reasonable. Are you vexed because I called you Wenna? Or is it because I spoke about singing in the choir?"

"No," she said, simply, "I was not thinking of anything of that kind; and I am not vexed."

"Then what is the matter?"

For another second or two she was silent, apparently from irresolution; then she suddenly stopped in the middle of the road, and confronted him.

"Mr. Trelyon," she said, "is it true that you have given Mr. Roscorla money, and on my account?"

"No, it is not," he said, considerably startled by her tone; "I lent him some money—the money he wanted to take to Jamaica."

"And what business had you to do anything of the sort?" she said, with the shame in her heart lending a strangely unusual sharpness to her voice.

"Well," said the young man, quite humbly, "I thought it would be a service both to you and to him; and that there was no harm in it. If he succeeds he will pay me back. It was precious silly of him to tell you anything about it; but still, Miss Wenna—you must see—now don't be unreasonable—what harm could there be in it?"

She stood before him, her eyes cast

down, her pale face a trifle flushed, and her hands clasped tight.

"How much was it?" she said in a low voice.

"Now, now, now," he said, in a soothing way, "don't you make a fuss about it; it is a business transaction; men often lend money to each other—what a fool he must have been to have—I beg your pardon——" and then he stopped, frowning at his own stupidity.

"How much was it?"

"Well, if you must know, five thousand pounds."

"Five thousand pounds!" she repeated absently. "I am sure my father has not so much money. But I will bid you good-bye now, Mr. Trelyon."

And she held out her hand.

"Mayn't I walk down with you to the village?" said he, looking rather crestfallen.

"No, thank you," she said, quietly, and then she went away.

Well, he stood looking after her for a few seconds. Now that her back was turned to him and she was going away, there was no longer any brightness in the fresh spring woods, nor any colour in the clear skies overhead. She had been hard on him, he felt; and yet there was no anger or impatience in his heart, only a vague regret that somehow he had wounded her, and that they were no longer good friends. He stood so for a minute or two, and then he suddenly set out to overtake her. She turned slightly just as he had got up.

"Miss Wenna," he said, rather shamefacedly, "I forgot to ask you whether you would mind calling in at Mrs. Luke's as you go by. There is a basket of primroses there for you. I set the children to gather them about an hour ago; I thought you would like them."

She said she would; and then he raised his cap to her—looked at her just for one moment—and turned and walked away. Wenna called for the basket, and a very fine basket of flowers it was, for Mrs. Luke said that Master Harry had given the children sixpence a-piece to gather the finest primroses they could get, and every one knows what Cornish primroses are. Wenna took away the flowers not paying any particular attention to them, and it was only when she got into her own room—and when she felt very much inclined to sit down and cry—that she noticed lying among the large and pale yellow primroses a bit of another flower which one of the

children had, doubtless, placed there. It was merely a stalk of the small pink-flowered saxifrage, common in cottagers' gardens, and called in some places London-pride. In other parts of the country they tenderly call it *None-so-pretty*.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

#### THOUGHTS OF A COUNTRY CRITIC.

I WONDER what were the feelings of an old-fashioned Derbyshire gentleman some three hundred years ago when the Countess of Devonshire had brought down a lot of outlandish artists and masons to build Hardwicke Hall, and instead of the good old gables and buttresses of his youth arose classical pilasters and entablatures, a new and wonderful birth of heathen art to supplant the dull but sufficient Gothic under which he and his fathers had lived for a couple of centuries.

I think I have some idea: for I have been a humble lover of art from my boyhood, and till lately fancied that I knew some little of what was going on in that world. But some recent flashes of light have told me that I have been asleep, I know not how long, and am in danger of finding myself after all no better than a Rip Van Winkle.

Let me explain. I live in a market town in the North Midland counties, five hours from London. We are not wholly Bœotian. We take in the *Saturday Review* and the *Pall Mall Budget*, and see the *Quarterly Review* and an occasional number of the *Fortnightly* and *Contemporary*. I myself travelled in Italy some years ago. I used to take in the *Art Journal*. I have read Ruskin, have never lost an opportunity of seeing good pictures, and I am, I hope, as open to new impressions as I was in 1850. We are, I repeat, not wholly Bœotian; but the mere fact of our latitude makes us provincial; and our brightest rays of enlightenment come rather from Manchester than from London. Yet we do not fail, once at least in two or three years, to visit the Royal Academy and the National Gallery, and any exhibitions of pictures which may be open when our visits to town take place, and instruct ourselves as well as we may in the progress of the art and art-literature now going on in the busier world. But all my ideas have been upset by the discovery

that the present and future of English art are wholly unlike what I had imagined.

Some months ago, at one of those social meetings in which the country still preserves a kindliness of neighbourly intercourse which is lost to the town, there appeared a young Oxonian, the nephew of our excellent rector, a recent candidate for honours, and lately elected fellow of his college. It was interesting to meet a young man of promise, and, for his years, of some reputation; and he was cordially received by the company. After dinner the conversation (leaving for a while our favourite local topics) turned upon the exhibition of the Royal Academy. I had visited it in the month of May, and had been glad to see in it evidence that the vigour of English art was still unimpaired, in spite of the influence of pre-Raphaelitism now happily passed away, and of a too dominant French sentimentalism. It is true that a sense of *staleness* had sometimes interfered with my enjoyment, as I saw the same painters executing the same feats which they have executed for goodness knows how many years past. Yet I found plenty to praise, and just cause for congratulating a country which had before it so good a hope of a progressive school of art. I was enumerating some of the pictures of the year which had seemed to me specially worthy of remark, and amongst others a painting by a Mr. Moore which had puzzled me; a single figure without light or shade, or any particular colour; something like a tinted bas-relief. I now know that Mr. Moore is one of our great ones; but then I used his name ignorantly. My young friend, who had been silent during dinner, pricked up his ears at the name, and said, in a tone which, if not disrespectful, was not deferential, "You do not appear to have noticed the best thing in last year's exhibition — the great Greek procession, by the same painter." Now I had noticed that picture, and spent some time before it, and marked it with a cross in my catalogue. I had expressed my surprise to the friend who was with me at the time (not a judge of painting himself) that such a picture should have been admitted at all. It had seemed to me a dull and flat composition in sad green and grey, a dead echo of an unreal past.

"Ah!" broke in my young friend, with a regretful air, "and what have we at best but an echo? There is no art-life in this century; we can but try and feel the past, and make it live again as we

best may. Look at Jones! look at Morris! what do they do but catch a spark from the ages which had a life? The sentiment of that picture is not unreal; it is *refracted*, if you will. The poetry of it is a poetry of situation, which none but a delicate culture can taste. There is a world of passion in that situation, if you can but feel it."

"A situation," I said; "but what a situation!"

"Oh, pardon me; I do not mean by a situation a mere transcript of a fact; it is the transcript of a sentiment. Look at the Greeks! No incident too slight, too fleeting, to be the casket of an imperishable thought."

Here he turned away from me to some ladies who were of the company, ladies who have lately come into our neighbourhood, and whose unconventional behaviour, dress, and conversation furnish much matter for *les disettes* of a country town. As far as I can hazard a guess, their aim is to reconcile the thirteenth with the eighteenth century; and our sweet Phyllises and Phidyles, always ready to learn, are dropping the quaint skirts and ribbons which made them as pretty as Dresden china in the Clarissa period of a few years ago, and are becoming mediæval Florentines, sweeping through the aisle on Sunday mornings like Laura or Beatrice at a fancy ball.

I could find no place for myself in this conversation; the names were unfamiliar. I had been visiting picture-galleries with my eyes shut, it seems — Blake, Stothard, Watts, Morris, Rossetti, Corot, Daubigny, Jones and Jones, and again Jones. I knew the names of these painters to be sure, but had looked upon most of them as artists who had more sentiment or quaintness than knowledge and power. Then the terms they used — tonality, mood-landscape, exquisite passion, splendour of experience, pulsations of consciousness — and adjectives: intimate, precious, sharp, swift, resonant, sweet. "Well," I thought, "I am an old foggy, but not too old to learn; and I will find out whatever I can of these lean kine who are to eat up our John Bull and all he has believed in hitherto, and see whether the leanness is theirs or mine; and meantime I will boldly ask this young *précieux* how I can obtain access to the studios in which these painters work, and to the literature in which their principles are set down."

"Are you coming up to town any time in the next ten days?" he said (as if I

were in the habit of running up and down once a week or so); "I will take you to all the studios. I know all these fellows; and you should read the *Academy* and the *Portfolio*; the *Academy* is the best thing there is. I write in it myself sometimes. Good night."

A week after this conversation I found myself in Oxford with my new acquaintance Mr. W. The young gentleman had insisted on my accompanying him to Oxford and thence to London; and I retain so pleasant a recollection of his hospitality that I am unwilling to criticise himself or his tastes, or even to call in question the furniture of his rooms, to which I had looked forward as a probable solution of the problems which his conversation continually suggested. I must confess that what I saw amazed me. Imagine an old set of panelled rooms dating, I dare say, from 1700. I remembered them as occupied by a friend of my own about thirty years ago: they were then painted or grained a cheerful light-oak colour. Mr. W. had had the panels painted tea-green. His sofas and chairs were covered with yellow chintz. Persian rugs lay in all directions about the room — the floor covered with China matting. The curtains were of a kind of snuff-coloured green. The furniture, spindle-legged mahogany tables, odd round looking-glasses like those one sees in bedrooms, and carved book-cases with glass fronts such as I remember in my grandmother's house some forty years past. The fireplace was full of Gothic or semi-Gothic blue-and-white tiles, with an old-fashioned brass fender. In the upper lights of the windows were some allegorical subjects in white and yellow — the four seasons, I think — in an extreme mediæval style. It was all very refined and pretty, but what a jumble! Here was eclecticism with a vengeance — Hafis on the floor, Queen Anne on the walls, Chaucer in windows, glass from the Grand Canal, mirrors Louis Quatorze, chairs and tables which might have stood in Clarissa's parlour. And when I came to look more closely at the pictures — for you may read a man's mind as well by his pictures as by his books — I was more confounded than ever. Here was a writhing, sweeping mass of black and white, a photograph from Blake. Here an extraordinary transparent white figure standing amongst azaleas by an enormous China pot — "Morgiana?" I asked myself. Then there were two little water-colours, one representing half an acre of

grass-land with three rabbits and the top of a shed; and as its pendant half an acre of town rubbish with the back of a red-brick house, and half-a-dozen cats on the tiles. Then a dark red lady with her hair, also red, twisted east, and her gown twisted west, almond eyes, her face like the ace of spades and her mouth like the ace of hearts—a sort of grisaille drawing without distance or perspective, in which the patterns of the clothes were more conspicuous than the features. Landscapes: one in oil, painted, I should say, with thumb and fingers—a sullen pool and a gnarled oak—green, that made one's teeth *creak* to look at it; another, a cold rushy moor, blown by the wind, with a stunted thorn and a bit of grey distance, lovely in sentiment, but dreary and unhappy more than the world really is. Then a misty-moisty row of poplars near a tank—the sky represented by blots of white paint, the trees by blots of grey—in the midst of this collection of oddities, lo! a facsimile of one of Leonardo's drawings, an Albert Dürer engraving, and a bit of early Florentine painting. I felt like a geologist amongst a heap of unsorted specimens, searching in vain for a central thought to bind all these contraries together.

I was tired with my journey, and asked leave to rest an hour in my host's luxurious armchair while he went out on some business. I fell into a sort of waking doze, in which the objects around me seemed gradually to harmonize into something like a tune in a minor key. I felt the charm of grace and refinement. This rococo collection had after all some unity. I seemed to find the key to it in the half-toned grey-green atmosphere which pervaded all. No bright colour was admitted, except here and there a sunlight patch on a Persian carpet. All the life represented had something of incompleteness or decay. There was no midday heat or splendour or strength. The yellow allegories in the windows were worn and wasted; the green of the walls was that of a *hortus siccus*; the men and women in the drawings were all sick and sorry. The sadness of tone in all this Castle of Indolence so oppressed me that I got up and leant out of the window, and gazed out upon bright chestnut trees in full leaf, rich buttercups in Christchurch meadow, boys in coloured flannels talking and laughing on their way to the boats, and all the sights and sounds of healthy happy midsummer life.

I came back from London dazed and

dazzled as if I had been couched for a cataract. I have hardly yet dared to remove the bandages. My eclectic friend taught me to see what my rheumy eyes had hitherto passed over unnoted. He led me to avious places of the Pierides, and bade me look into unsullied fountains in which I had seen before nothing but quaintness and conceit. Thus was my visual ray cleansed. In humility I received the sacred books and newspapers of his sect, and though not yet enlightened, I hope I may call myself a catechumen.

Let me first describe how this school appeared to me as it was gradually revealed to me through books and pictures and conversation; then I may perhaps go on to find some guiding principle by which to judge of it.

Eclecticism is a threadbare word; for everything nowadays is eclectic, from Mr. Disraeli's Cabinet downwards. It is even vulgar to be eclectic; but you cannot escape altogether the habit of the age in which you live; and so these purists are, in spite of themselves, more eclectic than their neighbours; and pick out from all styles and periods what is in accordance with their mood. And this is very various. I find them admiring and imitating early Italian art, modern French, eighteenth century of the date of Queen Anne, and down to the threshold of the nineteenth, old English of the period of Chaucer, Greek idyllic, Roman decadence. What is their common characteristic? Hear it in their own catch-words—what they relish is refinement, delicacy, subtlety of thought, colour, and form, and a certain yearning of passion. They admire and imitate the dawn or decline of the great schools; not the full sunshine—they have no eyes for Titian, but they rave about Botticelli. They make much more of Stothard than of Reynolds; of Blake than of Byron. And this is not merely the modern fashion of doing justice to neglected genius. It is that the sentiment of these artists attracts them by its refinement, and perhaps by its want of strength and colour. There is a fine flower of refinement which only springs up here and there out of a rich soil in Greece, Italy, or France, very rarely in Rome, England, or Germany. It has not robustness enough to be the groundwork of a great school. To take illustrations for different arts, I would instance Chopin for music; Flaxman for sculpture; for poetry, the Italians whom Mr. Rossetti imitates, as artists who had



in their different ways this quality; a distinction of sentiment the characteristic of which is refinement and an undefined longing. For a special instance I cannot take a better than Botticelli, who is so completely their favourite painter that I may be pardoned for saying a word about him. There is a half-expressed longing and *fineness* of sentiment in Botticelli's painting which is unlike anything else except the poetry of which Dante's *Vita Nuova* is the highest example. Giotto, Fra Angelico, almost any one else you please, are straightforward and matter-of-fact in comparison with him. Perhaps one may say that there is a similar difference between Raphael and Andrea del Sarto, or between Titian and Bellini. This refined sentiment, not unknown to Perugino and his pupils, but expressed by them in a more happy, sunshiny temper, is the quality which our modern school most admires. Mr. Pater, in his book on the Renaissance, says it is rebellion against dogma and the worship of the body that inspires the keen-souled Cinquecentists. No! I say; go to Titian and Veronese if you wish to see the gorgeous happy pagan life and the glory of the worship of the body. In Botticelli we have not the splendid health of the Roman and Venetian painters; but a pale skin, soft blue lines in the throat, long slender limbs, languid eyes, pouting lips—a sad allegory of life, a melancholy Virgin; not Raphael's happy Mother; not Bellini's holy Annunziata; not Titian's triumphant Assunta. The two sides of Botticelli's character are typified by two of his pictures, "Mars and Venus," at Berlin; and the "Assumption of the Virgin," which I saw at Burlington House last year. The one shows his tender longing after the Greek life; the other, his tender Piagnone piety. And in both there is something morbid. It is not the art which springs from happiness and health; it loves decay and the sense of the nearness of death. In Botticelli's pictures this is so constantly present that it becomes an affectation. "*Decipit exemplar vitii imitabile*"—and so Mr. Rossetti (of whom I speak in all reverence as an idealist and as a painter) paints throats which are all but *gottres*, and impossible rosebud lips; and Mr. Burne Jones lengthens out the limbs of his doleful virgins, and wraps them round with clinging garments of russet hue. Oh, gardens of the Hesperides! not such as these were the

daughters three

That sing about the golden tree,  
but rich and ripe and full of flesh, such as Giorgione saw; such as still rain influence from behind dark altars or in Florentine galleries, the work of Titian and Tintoret and Raphael.

But I am rhapsodizing: and I am called back to a difficulty by two great names, perhaps the greatest; Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo, both great idealists, and great masters of sentiment; and that generally a sentiment of melancholy. Nothing in Mr. Pater's "Siren-songs" is more tuneful than his description of Leonardo's "Belle Joconde." He understands Leonardo as far as he can be understood at this distance of time, and from the fragments of his work which exist. But Leonardo is a giant among giants. His little finger is thicker than Botticelli's loins; what may be affectation in the one is idealism in the other. I would rather restore to art Leonardo's statue of Pope Julius than all the lost works of the great masters. That Leonardo in his long and busy life produced so little is a reproach to the acrepainters of Venice, though such great names are among them. There is no affectation in Leonardo as there is perhaps in Luini. Leonardo is gloomy, melancholy, and tenderly sentimental, but he is too great to be affected, though intense study sometimes makes his work artificial. So, too, Michael Angelo—a smaller artist working in his spirit might become affected; but the sense of power in him transcends all affectation, as it does in Shakespeare. Let our moderns get the power of Leonardo and Michael Angelo, or even of Botticelli, and we will not quarrel with their mannerisms. Meanwhile, let them learn to be simple. "Simple," I hear some one say, "why simplicity is the one thing we love." Not so—this is not a genuine simplicity; it is the simplicity of fastidiousness. Simplicity is the heritage of health, not the acquisition of a taste which dislikes vulgarity. You cannot become simple by pruning and paring, by turning away from this and that, by calling the midday sunshine a glare, and finding fault with grass and flowers for being too bright in colour. Be healthy first of all, whether your powers are small or great. Study nature in her healthy forms, not in her decay. You cannot build a school on the foundations of tender regret and choice sentiment. A living school grows

because it lives, and does not choose and settle beforehand how its heart shall beat, or count its pulses by the watch. Refinement and sensibility are graces, not virtues, and they may be cultivated till they become sickly. They are essential to the poetic or shaping spirit, but they are not its only essentials; and one of the most important of all is health.

Let me take (without offence, I hope) three modern instances. First, Mr. Morris's decorative work, which interprets and is interpreted by his poetry — for of his painting I cannot speak, not having had enough opportunity of seeing it (why won't these artists exhibit? what harm would it do them or their paintings to be looked at by vulgar people? and vulgar people might learn something from them, as I hope they learn from the pictures in the National Gallery). Mr. Morris, then, like the others of his school, picks like a *chiffonnier* here and there whatever is tender and sentimental. He began with mediæval asceticism — now he has gone on to a strange Greek Gothic Eastern gorgeousness, of which the first rule is that it should not be commonplace. But excellent as are the details, it is all repetition or echo; only there is something of his own in the treatment, and so far he is in harmony with the old Renaissance. These old masters accepted the classical detail, and to some extent the classical rules. But with what a strong grasp did they lay hold on them, and make them their own! To return to our lackadaisical artists. The same refining sensibility is shown in their treatment of nature. They do not work in the spirit of Turner or Gainsborough, or even Constable, whom the French have taught them to admire. I do not know where you will find more perfect refinement than in the works of Mr. F. Walker and Mr. Mason, whose loss to art all its lovers must deplore. But are their subjects quite worthy of them? Mr. Walker paints a team of oxen on a Somersetshire hillside, a child and a lamb under an apple-tree, a border of delicately painted flowers, as light and suggestive and perfect as Schumann's "Kinderscenen," or Blake's "Songs of Innocence." Mr. Mason's Arcadia, where is it? not this side of Parthenope. With what exquisite care and labour he worked may be learnt from his repeated studies of the same subject under different skies and in different moods. But the subjects are disappointing — a drying-yard with a

blue gown hanging up, a girl driving a calf, a horseman astray on a moor. His highest flight of fancy is the lovely dance of girls by the seaside, or the return of the mowers under the moon. He was the Theocritus of English painting; but with such power and such fineness he might have risen above the idyl. What I complain of is that, with higher pretensions than those of other painters, this school stops short of completeness for very fineness and fastidiousness: they have not faith enough to risk a failure by trying what may be too hard for them.

But I cannot leave these artists without paying the tribute of admiration for their distinctive excellencies. They see, it is true, only the grave and pensive side of nature; but that aspect which they represent is perfectly represented and in genuine sympathy with its beauty. I suppose the same is true of Corot and the other grey French painters whom they all admire as suggesting a dreamy wistfulness, and not obtruding any pedantic or scientific knowledge; but I cannot forgive these men for banishing the sun from the sky and making nature mourn in sober colours. Nature has her bright and gaudy side as well as her mists and moonshine, and art has as much to do with thankfulness as with regret — nay, much more. But now I seem to hear them calling to their fellows (and the voice is the voice of Mr. Burne Jones and the lyre is twanged by the skilled fingers and tuned by the delicate ear of Mr. Swinburne), "Give us fruits, but let them be bruised and overripe. Bind garlands for us, but of faded roses. Sing us songs, but with the lesser third — we will have no light but sunset, no hope but of the grave, no love but of that which is gone as we grasp it, no faith but in a frail and brittle beauty."

It seems we are in the midst of a renaissance. Who shall read us the signs of the times? Why did we not know of this great new birth? why do we still feel half inclined to jest about it? Its professors are in earnest, or mean to be; they speak in esoteric language with all the certainty of a school, and carry out principles unflinchingly. Full of sadness at the smokiness and grime, material and spiritual, of their age, they love to remember the past ages, and — simple souls! — they turn away their eyes lest they behold vulgarity, and let the restful influence of the past flow upon them. To see nothing but with cleansed eyes; to

choose out what is best and imitate it; this is how they mean to conduct their renaissance.

Mr. Pater's book on the Renaissance may, I suppose, be taken as an exposition of the principles of the school of art to which he belongs. He speaks, at any rate, as with authority, and his book is didactic as well as historical. But to my mind his view of the Italian Renaissance, though full of insight, and seizing very truly several aspects of that period, mistakes its central principle. Mr. Pater would have us believe that the artists of the fifteenth century were melancholy sentimentalist and dreamers of sad dreams, as sick of the middle ages as a converted Gothickist, and with no sure hope of anything; only determined to rebel against dominant stupidity and vulgarity. I believe them, on the contrary, to have been young and hopeful reformers, glorying in their youth, and joyfully accepting the guidance of the newly-found models of beauty. The languid or pedantic archæologist of to-day cannot conceive the joy which was felt in Rome as one by one the forgotten works of great writers came out from their monkish graveclothes, and the heaped-up soil yielded its treasures, and Lysippus and Praxiteles became a reality from a name. There never was a time when buoyant hope had more the ascendant. The spirit of the age had in it more of Lorenzo the Magnificent than of Leonardo da Vinci; more of Rabelais than of Erasmus. It is better symbolized by the joyful certainty of Raphael than by Michael Angelo's doubting melancholy.

There is a true and a false renaissance; just as every language has a true and a false growth, a natural and a learned period. Each seeks for the spirit of the antique; but the one lives, and the other studies. The one thankfully makes use of former models and methods as a means of new and original creation; the other lays up its talent in a napkin, and sadly despairs, and aims at nothing but imitation. One dares whilst the other doubts. What a splendid growth is Cinquecento architecture; and how unlike Cinquecento architecture is that of the school whose highest aim is to copy accurately a chimney-piece, or adapt a house from one of the date of Queen Anne. By all means copy Queen Anne houses if you can do no better, but don't imagine that it is high art to do so; still less accuse of vulgarity those who risk

failure by attempting a higher flight. Sir G. G. Scott's idea of taking a fresh departure from Gothic of the thirteenth century is a good and true one, if only it could have come naturally and not by thinking; and if, like Imlac, he and his followers have not flown far, they share with that philosopher the credit of having at least tried to move. What they (like Imlac) want is the power to move their learned wings, and power is not born of learning; though learning is not to be despised, and is of course an essential of renaissance.

I sympathize indeed with the weariness which comes with the thought of *this* renaissance or Gothic revival, as it used to be called. The first revival began with the Romantic school, Fouqué and Scott and the Eglinton tournament and sham castles, and the Gothic of Blore and Wilkins; then came Pugin and Ruskin, who had the root of the matter in them: but the one "could only be expressed in cathedrals;" and the other is still our teacher, but who shall read him aright? Full of the letter of Ruskin, but with too little of his spirit, came the pre-Raphaelites and other makers of ugly things (the Uglicists, may we call them?), setting up the symbols of their faith in patterns of striped brick and stone, parti-coloured pictures, and crooked furniture fit neither to look at nor to use. Now we have, on the one hand, our sentimental school and a revival of eighteenth-century friezes and cornices, mixed with sham mediævalism and sham paganism; and, on the other, Ritualism—that strange unintelligible jumble of modern coxcombry and ancient religion misunderstood and travestied. This is what our renaissance has brought us, instead of the glories (blasphemed by Mr. Ruskin) of the fifteenth century. For Hatfield and Hardwicke we have the Houses of Parliament and the Albert Memorial. I think we need not be proud of our nineteenth-century renaissance until it becomes more—what do they call it?—*naïf*. I believe it is a German word.

Our sentimental school abjure this bastard renaissance, but they are of it notwithstanding, for they have for ideas of their own an echo of past ideas. Learning, as I said, is an essential of a renaissance; but as the note of a true renaissance is faith and of a false renaissance criticism—or, shall I say, hope of the one, and regret of the other?—there is more life in honest effort which looks forward at the risk of vulgarity,

than in sentiment which analyzes the present and tries to reproduce the past. Like all modern artists, they do not realize that what made the art of the great centuries was its spirit not its form, the growth of new thought which clothed itself in the forms of the past. Till that thought arises again I am content to believe that the houses and churches built by the one school are better than those built by the other, and heartily to admire for all its strangeness the wall-papers and chintzes and tiles designed by Messrs. Morris and their fellows; but I cannot consent to take them as the only artists who are to save us from the Philistines, or their principles as having the hope of the future in them.

After all, I have not made out yet what these principles are. But as far as I can understand this school, it is based on fineness of sentiment rather than on knowledge, and the keynote of this sentiment is a longing "regret for the absents" as Theocritus says, whether it be regret for a past life, or yearning for a distant ideal, or the less spiritual pains which consume Sicilian and Florentine lovers. This longing takes nowadays the form of regret, forced upon it by the vulgarity of the nineteenth century: for, seeing how vulgar the present is, it has no hope in the future. Regretfulness and disgust of modern commonplace has a double result. In the first place it leads to the state of mind which says, "The world is full of trouble and there is no certainty of anything else to come. It is better to enjoy what we have, or at least to give up preaching and divorce morality from art; to live the most perfect life in the moment, which is all that we can grasp;" then comes in the sensuousness and body-worship which to some extent is characteristic of the school; something of the spirit of the later Anthology; a *Sehnsucht* to which all objects are lawful; such a spirit as inspires Mr. Pater's book and is put into more articulate form by Mr. Swinburne; the spirit which says alternately, "Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die," and "Let us fall in love with death, for to-morrow we die." In the second place it leads to the rejection of whole periods and phases of art and nature—the nineteenth century to begin with—and then all prosperous material periods and countries. Nothing can be given to art by ancient Roman, by Flemish, barbarian, American life. Study, they say, those nations and

generations which thought *finely*; and from those pick out all that is most quaint and furthest from commonplace. Lovers of art must have a taste for olives and caviare. And in looking at nature never forget that the smell of death is in all her sweetness, and that the grey decay of her softer moods more truly expresses her to the feeling mind than the garish gold of summer.

I think that I have said enough to indicate the tendency of this school. These artists have taught me so much, and I owe them so much thanks for what they have taught me, that I am almost converted to believe that they have the key of the future; and certainly no other school can do more than fumble at the door. But they want faith and hope—and so with all their sense of beauty and all their technical skill, they fail in power of creation. Hopeless is thankless; and thankless art has no future. They remain fruitless because faithless; Atys-priests of beauty, impotent to add to the life of art: because they believe in death rather than in life. And when I feel this, their pretensions to infallibility rather gail me. The last time I saw my Oxford friend was in Bond Street—he had been looking at exhibitions black and white, and blue and green, and was full of the "sweetness" of his own friends and the worthlessness of everything else. I listened for a while to his jargon, and then left him and turned into the National Gallery; and there sat down before a Titian and a Turner, and clean forgot all about him and his friends and their principles.

From Temple Bar.

#### A NIGHT TERROR IN AFRICA.

I HAVE some doubts about the psychological bearings of fear. In old English, "perplexity" was often used as its equivalent, and it seems a pity that this usage has been dropped. We want a word for fear that would express a kind of mental syllabub. Dr. Johnson, following Locke, defines fear as "a painful apprehension of future danger." Now I confess that I do not like the word "apprehension," which means a *laying hold*, because I cannot help concluding that fear is altogether a *letting go*. If logicians would let me, I would define fear *per metaphoram*, and call it "resentment at being kicked out of one's rut." The most philo-



sophical remark of Falstaff's was that he was a "coward upon instinct." When all our instincts, which are but sublimated habits, are turned topsy-turvy, then we know what fear is. Though your particular rut *must* lead to the cannon's mouth, you are cheerful and imrepid in it as a man just and firm of purpose should be; but when you are kicked into a neighbouring rut which *may* lead to the Hesperides, the blood freezes in your veins. Luckily a perfect terror, an utter annihilation of all ruts whatsoever, an overhead plunge into the unknown, comes but once or twice in any man's life. The occasion may be trivial. A belated jack-ass, the love-plaint of a feline Sappho, a brawl of rodents behind the wainscot, a pendant night-shirt whose fluttering tails are visited by playful moonbeams — any of these things is sufficient. Or the occasion may be great; a convulsion of nature, or the approach of death in a strange garb. It matters not. The supreme moment of terror, when the scalp lifts like the lining of a hat, when a man is clothed from head to foot in a raiment of "goose-skin," when the knees refuse to bend, and are yet too weak to keep straight, and when the heart feels like the kernel of a rotten nut — *that* moment is never to be forgotten. Then the man feels the natural and the supernatural, the real and the ideal, the subject and the object, the *ego* and the *non ego*, the present and the remote, all jumbled together in a mad dance through his bewildered consciousness. Then Pope's line is reversed and sense leans for aid on metaphysic. Then the man discerns how infinitely little he is when reduced within his own circumference; how dependent he has been on a tiny world, outside which he is "quenched in a boggy Syrtis." Then he discovers how necessary to his happiness are the ordinary conditions of thought, and that, if he only knew it, the most awful, the most intensely horrible thing the imagination can conceive of, is a syllogism with an alien conclusion. Then, for an instant, he learns what it is to be dead.

The qualifications of a perfect terror are three. It must be unexpected; it must be absolutely incomprehensible; and it must culminate like a nightmare. Once I had a terror which so perfectly fulfilled these requirements that no man may hope to have a better.

This thing happened to me in the city of Pieter-Maritzburg, in the colony of Natal; and in order that I may tell my

tale intelligibly, I may be allowed to give some short description of the place. The city is named from one Pieter Maritz, whose sacred bard I have never met with, and the memory of whose deeds, therefore — of the pounds of Boer tobacco he smoked in a green-stone pipe, of the hollands he drank, of the wide trousers he wore, and of the Dutch oaths he swore — must forever, as far as I am concerned, be 'whelmed in long night. Maritzburg (as the name is commonly abbreviated) is the seat of government and the headquarters of the garrison. All the other towns in Natal — Durban especially — which consider themselves not to be sneezed at, *are* sneezed at by Maritzburg. We are slightly aristocratic in Maritzburg; we have been known to wear gloves; we have caught a little of the hoity-toitiness that lingers round the purlieus of bureaucracy. In this respect Maritzburg is not remarkable; but in another respect, namely, brilliancy of colouring, Maritzburg is one of the most remarkable towns I ever saw. It lies on a shoulder of table-land, surrounded on three sides by an amphitheatre of hills, which to a European eye are singularly brown and barren of aspect. In the midst of this great ugly basin Maritzburg absolutely blossoms. All its roofs are of red tile, all its hedges are rose-hedges, and nearly all its trees are peach-trees; and thus, when peaches and roses are in bloom there is red and pink enough to make the town look like a gigantic nose-gay. Another peculiarity of the town is very pleasant; one, two, or even three streams of bright, clear, swiftly-flowing water run down each street. A large head of water comes downwards on the town from the top of the shoulder on which it is built, and this water-supply is subdivided as it enters the town into a multitude of small rivulets — or *sluys*, as the Dutch call them. Thus, a street in Maritzburg is formed in the following way: each house stands well back from the road in its *erf* or plot of ground, then comes a thick and lofty hedge of roses, then a *sluyt*, then a raised footpath or causeway, then another *sluyt*, then the roadway. Now these *sluys*, however much they may add to the cleanliness of the place, are exceedingly awkward to the pedestrian. Every *sluyt* is about a yard below the footpath, and being bridged over by innumerable slabs of stone and logs of wood, forms in fact a series of traps and pitfalls. If I have drawn my picture rightly, the reader will

see that to walk along a footpath in Maritzburg on a dark night, without the assistance of a single street-lamp, requires some care, even if the mind is unoccupied and the senses under control; but to walk there on a dark night, hearing behind one the — But I must proceed in due order.

On the night when the terror came to me I was returning from the fort at the top of the town to the hotel where I was staying, which was at the lower end. I had a distance of about one mile to walk. It was midnight. The night was dark, but not with a thick, murky darkness. There was no moon, and the sky was clouded over; but the edges of the horizon could be just distinguished, and the roadway and hedges made out with little trouble. In short, the night was not one in which a man has to grope his way, though he could hardly walk quickly and boldly. Every one had gone to bed, and not a light was visible in the street, except an oil lamp hanging before the hotel, the glimmer of which, the street being quite straight, I could see in the distance almost as soon as I started on my walk. There was no wind. All was so still that the liquid warbling of the frogs in the *vley* below the town sounded near and loud. Besides this, and the multitudinous murmur of nature, which she never wholly intermits in her most silent watches, and which one hears and hears not, there was perfect quiet.

I had got but a little way on my journey, walking cautiously along the raised footpath, when I became aware that I was followed. Close behind me the sound — very soft and gentle, but unmistakable — of a footfall made itself heard. I stopped, and the footfall stopped also. I could see nothing whatever, and the sound — though so faint as to be almost like an echo of my own steps — had appeared to be close at hand; not more, in fact, than three or four yards distant. I thought I had been mistaken, and walked on again. Yes! again came the footfall, and — no — *not* an echo. Whenever an echo is heard there is a certain interval of time between the sound and its reverberation. This interval may be momentary — a mere fraction of a second — but is always appreciable; or rather, to put it another way, if the echo is appreciable, there must be an interval. Now, the rhythm — the “time” as rowing men would say — of this footfall was exact. As my foot touched the ground so did that other foot, in precise and unvarying

coincidence. The character of the sound was very remarkable. The path was hard and firm, with many small stones scattered here and there, and with gravel sprinkled on it. My boots made a crunching noise as I walked. But this footfall was most evidently caused by feet that were neither shod, nor (being unshod) of a horny or hoofy kind. And yet, on the other hand, there was nothing of the dull thud that would be made by the naked foot of a man, or by any animal with a soft paw going pit-a-pat over the ground, as Bunyan describes it, “with a great padding pace.” There was an undoubted impact on the gravel — of *that* I was sure — and beyond that I could liken the sound to nothing earthly. Again, the supposition that my follower was a beast was negated by the too evident mockery of the sound. No beast, surely, would go to the trouble of “keeping time” with a belated wayfarer, and the cessation and renewal of these footsteps concurrently with mine proved that mockery was deliberately intended. I say *no* beast; but, perhaps, I ought to have excepted the ape tribe. A monstrous ape, whose mind was just developing to a human enjoyment of mischief, might have pleased his genius with this hideous mimicry. But an ape always walks with a shuffling, shambling gait, and for him the tripping levity of these steps would have been impossible. An ape is not accustomed to walk on two legs, and the creature that pursued me was so accustomed; there was a regularity and firmness in what I may call the accentuation of the tread, however gentle, light, and aerial that tread might be, which left no room for doubt.

When I first became conscious that I was being pursued of set purpose by a footfall, I was startled, but scarcely terrified. A savage beast was out of the question, and Maritzburg was entirely free from crimes of violence: the white inhabitants were too well off to become highway robbers; while to attack one of the superior race was quite alien from the habits and ideas of the Coolie or Kafir population. I began, then, by being more curious than alarmed. But as the strangeness of the circumstance forced itself more and more on my attention my curiosity soon passed through fear to horror. I tried in vain to convince myself that I was mistaken. I stopped short at least half-a-dozen times, and then walked on with a quick impulse. I walked as fast as I could; I took short

strides—long strides; I sauntered slowly (this was very difficult); but all to no purpose. Exactly as I did so did the footfall; stopping when I stopped, and keeping perfect time with my varied paces. Only one thing I noticed, and that was a slight hesitation when I suddenly changed my steps from fast to slow, from long to short, or *vice versa*; as if the thing that followed me could not instantaneously accommodate itself to the change. But this hesitation was only momentary. Indeed, the versatile quickness, with which its gait was made to correspond with mine through every mode of puzzling alternation, was something marvellous. No drum-major ever had such command over the rhythm of motion.

In the surprise and terror now gradually stealing over me it will easily be imagined how difficult it was to keep a footing on the raised causeway. More than once I all but slipped into the *sluyt*, and whenever I did stumble a feeling of unsurmountable alarm came over me that, if I fell, something would be *on* me and *at* me. It was better to be upright on two shaky legs, which might be called on for instant flight, than prone in a ditch, helpless, and with I knew not what stalking jauntily around. No; I was sure I could walk no longer on the causeway. With sudden resolution, I jumped a floundering, stumbling, headlong jump from the path, over the *sluyt* that ran on the roadway side, and got on the broad road itself. Having gained the middle of the road, I stood still and listened. At first there was silence. Then I heard my own jump exactly repeated in faint, ethereal mimicry. I heard the same stumbling jump, the same long strides, the same little run of recovery on the road. I could bear it no longer. "Who's there?" I shouted.

The only certain theory respecting "The Night-side of Nature" at which, after diligent study of Mrs. Crowe and other approved writers, I have been able to arrive, is, that it is bad, fatally bad, policy to speak to anything uncanny—a ghost, for instance. If ever you meet with a companion who seems likely to turn round the corner of bogeydom, remember that "Silence is golden," and that speech is exceedingly base metal. The probability of this theory is easily demonstrated. When you speak to an uncanniness you thereby—*ipso facto*—recognize it; you promote it to a *raison d'être*. The popular superstition that a

ghost cannot speak unless spoken to is founded on strictly logical reasoning. By addressing an uncanniness in words, however bold and masterful, you at once limit your range of available hypotheses to two: you confess, by implication, that the thing you address must be either a *human* being or a *supernatural* being. There is no escape from the alternative. You do not hold converse with a hallucination, an extraordinary shadow, an unexpected light, a mysterious sound, an inexplicable phenomenon. If you are strong-minded enough to infer that your visitant is the result of a heedless supper, you do not (in default of a medicine-chest) exorcise by any form of words the bit of cucumber that is troubling you. By speaking you personify, where it is for the interest of your sanity that personality should be out of the question. Treat, then, a ghost with the insular pride of an Englishman. Consider him a foreigner, and therefore a suspicious character, of whose social *status* you cannot be sure. Domineer over him by not saying "How d'ye do?" If you so much as "pass the time of day" with him, your acquaintance ripens with awful rapidity into intimacy of the closet. It is far better, if the temptation to speak becomes too strong, to retire at once under the bedclothes, when that friendly shelter is present, and abstract your thoughts altogether from what may be outside. It is not, I believe, within the memory of the chroniclers that any uncanny thing has ever attempted to lift the shrouding drapery. You may, indeed, feel somewhat ticklish about those lumpy and angular parts which mark out the human outline, however deeply smothered under blankets; but you are—if there is truth in history—absolutely safe. And if there is no haven of blankets and counterpanes, and the thing *must* be faced, recollect—cleave, cling to the recollection—that supernatural etiquette does not permit a grisliness to introduce itself. The golden sceptre of speech must first be held out.

I had, I say, made a shocking blunder in speaking. And yet I almost think I should have been relieved by an answer. But not so much as a *Hem!* was vouchsafed in reply; there was not the faintest whisper of a voice; it was *nil, et præterea nil*—absolute nothingness, made sensible by a footfall. There was nothing for it but to walk on. But now I had not the smallest remnant of reason left: that *divina particula auræ* had quite de-

serted me. I now pursued my way, as Coleridge says,

Like one, that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And having once turned round, walks on,  
And turns no more his head,  
Because he knows a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread.

Just so I walked, and the footfall pattered softly behind me.

The question, "What is it?" had by this time tenfold horrors. It may, perhaps, be suggested that I was no longer able to follow out any inquiry; but I *was*; only, by my insensate rashness of speech, I had shut myself out from any natural explanation. I was *ex hypothesi* confined to the supernatural. I could not even, as the satirist says, "hold the eel of science by the tail." The thing that dogged me was, I was compelled to think, either, first, a visitor from superior regions, or, secondly, a visitor from inferior (*very* inferior) regions; or, thirdly, no visitor at all, but a lingerer who ought to be elsewhere when the cock crew. Oh, for the welcome summons of an ear-splitting cock-a-doodle-doo! Oh, for a steam fire-engine fed by a river of holy water! The sheer mischievousness of the trick narrowed my speculations by forbidding the notion of celestial ministry. I was driven, irresistibly propelled, to the alternative of "auld Hornie" (by self or agent) or some wandering ghost who had business with me. As to the first supposition, I was unable to adopt the reasoning of Robinson Crusoe under very similar circumstances. When that solitary was frightened out of his wits by the apparition of a footprint on the sands of his desert island, he comforted himself by the conclusion that it could not have been the archenemy, because, says Robinson, "as I lived quite on the other side of the island, he would never have been so simple as to leave a mark in a place where it was ten thousand to one whether I should ever see it or not, and in the sand, too, which the first surge of the sea upon a high wind would have defaced entirely." And he continues: "All this seemed inconsistent with the thing itself, and with all notions we usually entertain of the subtlety of the devil." With the deepest respect for Robinson Crusoe's metaphysical and theological powers, evidenced in his conversations with Friday — powers in which I confess myself far his inferior — I cannot in this one instance admit the cogency of his reasoning. If the alarming foot-

print had been made by the gentleman in question, *non constat* that it was not formed on the sands by a viewless foot a second or two before Robinson came up to the spot. Thus the reflection so comforting to the sagacious mariner vanishes at once. Robinson, thou reasonest *not* well. But there was a very different reflection equally applicable to his case and to mine. I do not say that it is deducible from the principles of scientific theology — I leave that to the General Assembly — but I distinctly remember that it struck me very forcibly, even in my extremest fright. It was this: What end could be served by the terrifying to imbecility of a harmless night-walker? If divines have not instructed us to little purpose, we all believe that the "muckle-horned Clootie" has serious business in hand. He has no leisure for idle schoolboy tricks. Even if practical jokes were consonant with his imperial dignity, his sterner duties leave him no time for pranks which would better befit the idleness of a cavalry subaltern. This consideration would be weighty in Europe, much more in South Africa, which, from the mere fact of its being sparsely populated, must be looked on as comparatively out of his way. The whole mediæval theory of witchcraft appears to me to have gone astray simply by missing this train of reasoning. Was I not, therefore, justified in rejecting the intervention of him whom, in the north of England, with a quaint recognition of his perennial youth conjoined with senile cunning, they call "th' ould lad"? Stay; he has underlings. *Qui facit per alium facit per se*. Cob, Mob, and Chittabob were doubtless at liberty. If their annals are writ true, it would just suit their tastes to "tickle the catastrophe" of a shuddering mortal. Yes, here *was* a flaw in my calculations; but, as a matter of fact, I did not think of Cob, Mob, and Chittabob. I was thus reduced to the last hypothesis, namely, that a ghost was dogging me. I do not mean, of course, to assert that in the rush of excited surmises, which passed through my mind, I actually reasoned as consecutively as I am now setting down my thoughts. I only wish it to be understood that, after taking leave of my scientific senses by the unpardonable folly of speaking, I came finally to some such conclusion by some such method.

I was now walking with all my speed, but my utmost speed (though I have always been reputed a pretty good stepper)



seemed that awful no-speed of dreams, when one is agonized with an imaginary need for haste or flight, and is yet ridden by the inexorable nightmare at a snail's pace. I was very warm in front, but cold chills shivered down my spine. The distance still to be traversed seemed interminable and hopeless. What with the darkness, and what with the dire necessity of turning my head every moment to look backwards, I walked a dreadfully zigzag course. The footsteps I never ceased to hear; regular when mine were regular, irregular when mine were irregular. Again and again I called, but no response ever came. Once, in a fit of desperation, I stopped, flung my arms about, stamped violently, and *shoo'd* with all my might, like one attempting to frighten away intruding cats or birds. When I had made this silly demonstration, there was first a pause, and then the footsteps disdainfully and slowly danced *round* me in a half-circle, from right to left and back again. When I proceeded, they followed, as they had done, directly behind.

Walking in this way I came to a part of the road where it became a little wider, and also, there being fewer trees to overshadow it, a little lighter. Now for the first time I *saw* something. In one of my terrified backward glances I saw that the footsteps were accompanied by a globular apparition. It seemed about a foot in diameter, and of a dusky grey colour. This dim, undefined ball of misty hue moved with the footsteps, but not, as far as I could distinguish, having any other connection with them. On the contrary, it moved through the air at the distance of about a yard from the ground, as if self-supported. I say "moved," because I could just discern a sort of undulatory rise and fall, and because I could not but notice that the interval between me and it was never diminished by my greatest efforts. The airy phantom neither approached nor receded. Soon after I saw this apparition, I also heard something I had not heard before. It was a rustling noise, repeated once or twice, and most like a quick shudder passing through stiff drapery. If any doubt remained, if any accession of terror was possible, that doubt now fled, that accession of terror now came.

It occurs to me that some reader may ask why in the name of fortune or misfortune, there being houses on both sides of the street, I did not seek shelter and protection. Pride, my dear reader, pride,

stronger than all terror, strongest of all human feelings. What would you, my reader, say if you were knocked up at midnight by a gentleman with a scared look and an incoherent story of a spectre? Would you not take the strongest horsewhip, unchain Pincher, and (while your spouse's eloquence flowed "sweeter than honey" from her chamber-window, and all your children screamed in their cots) go forth to drive the intruder from your curtilage? Of course you would. Would you not tell the distressed suppliant to go to him from whom and from whose emissaries and shadowy liegemen he was seeking deliverance? Of course you would. If you happened to know the disturber of your peace, would you not reproach him the next morning, hint at soda-water, and generally wonder at him? Of course you would. And if you believed his story—what then? Hospitality has its limits. Could you be expected to open your door to a friend who might be arm-in-arm with "the Black Man," as Matthew Hopkins would have called him? Human sympathy does not extend to helping one's fellow-creatures against the supernatural. I question if the most tender-hearted, stanch, and chivalrous man that ever lived would not have left St. Dunstan and his opponent to "have it out." And the house, at the portal of which you implored aid, might be tenanted by none but lonely women. When the female body is wrapt in night attire, and the female head is coroneted with curl-papers, the female mind is apt to dwell on water-jugs and kitchen pokers. A Niobe in a night-cap, at any moment between midnight and sunrise, has a concentrated power of squealing which one durst not even think of. Nor could the most frightful apparition excuse an Englishman for seeking the protection of a woman. Forbid it, memories of Cressy and Poitiers! And yet I would confine my valour to proper limits. I would not for the world imply that memories of Cressy and Poitiers should rob any Englishman of his prerogative of being frightened at a ghost; especially in these modern days, when it has become most necessary to insist on that prerogative. Our "fathers of war-proof" were frightened, and *they* believed in ghosts; much more ought we, on every principle of common sense, to be frightened—we, who do not believe in them. I cherish (as a pleasant inward protest against the Positivism of the age) the conviction that, if a ghost of the com-

monest turnip-headed, saucer-eyed description could be turned loose in the meeting-room of the Royal Society, we should see the extremest extremity of terror which human countenances are capable of expressing. I ought, however, in honesty to add that memories of Cressy and Poitiers did not occur to me much on this occasion; but I did not seek shelter.

I had walked perhaps two-thirds of the distance when I became aware of the apparition, and how I got over the remaining ground I can hardly tell. I did not dare to run. I felt that, if I ran, all self-control, all resisting power of will would be gone. I had a sort of suspicion that, if I even appeared to hurry, I should be overpowered by some force which could only be kept in check by the exercise of a defiant volition.

I was now within a very short distance of my hotel—not more than three or four hundred yards away. But I had a foreboding that I should never reach it before another phase of the horror was disclosed. The thing was growing on me. Some *dénouement* must come. It *did* come.

I had by this time arrived at a large building, used as a Kafir chapel by those natives who had been brought by various civilizing agencies to wear trousers and sing hymns. What other goal of learning was before them I cannot say; but I am in a position to state that, at this particular period, a respectable number of Zulus had renounced the error of bare legs, and had taken to sing hymns with much fervour and perseverance. I do not think they were particular about words—any words which were not downright swearing did for *them*—and I am sure they were not particular about tune. In his unenlightened state, the Kafir will sit for hours chanting a kind of plain-song, and accompanying himself with a barbarous *tum-tiddy-tum* produced from a stringed instrument like a bow. When his mind is enlarged by instruction, he puts on trousers, and sings his plain-song to a form of words in which references to the *assegai*, the *knob-kerry* (or Kafir club), and the blood of his foes, are only introduced when the singer is carried away by the violence of his emotions. His “doxy” may be described as that of the Indians of South America, mentioned by Humboldt, who are said to be *baxa la campana*—as paganism vibrating with the tinkle of a church-bell. Turning the corner of the chapel I came

upon a party of devotees seated round a fire, and even at that late hour in full tide of song. How it was that I had not heard them before, nor seen the reflection of their fire, I cannot say; but when I did hear and see, I felt with a thrill of conviction that the Zulu is indeed “a man and a brother.” They were a party of six or seven. One or two were Hottentot waggon-drivers, and the rest Kafirs. Every man was busy unburdening his soul without “remorse or mitigation of voice;” and the joint effect was something like what might be produced by the butcher, the sweep, the milkman, and the watercress-seller, all shouting the cries of their respective trades down one area in one breath. But I was in no humour for musical criticism. As soon as I saw the absorbed group I jumped across the *sluyt* and rushed towards those dusky brethren. As I got within the light of their fire I turned round.

Out of the darkness there stalked solemnly, with a grave and self-possessed air, a large crane; not one of the ordinary species, such as is seen in Europe, but the great gaunt “Kafir crane,” as he is called in Africa—I know not his scientific name—which is at least twice as large. He did not seem in the smallest degree abashed, nor was he disconcerted. If anything was discernible in his bearing, it was, perhaps, a little conceit, as though he felt that he had done a clever thing in keeping pace with me so long; but I cannot say that he displayed much emotion of any kind. As I came to the fire he walked up to my side, holding his head absurdly far back, though he gave one or two drives or ducks forward with his long neck, as if saluting the company. He then stood still, rubbed his beak a few times against his legs, and regarded the Kafirs with great contempt, evidently not thinking much of their hymnology. Meanwhile the Kafirs looked at me and also at the crane, which they knew quite well. I tried to mutter that I wanted a light for my pipe, but something in the nervous haste of my manner gave them an inkling of the truth, for they all with one accord rolled over on their backs in agonies of laughter, and I was derided by sets of black toes in ecstasies; and therefore I withdrew with that dignity one of the higher Aryan race can always assume, and sought my hotel, still accompanied by the mimetic crane. When I reached the door of the hotel, I grieve to say that in sudden wrath I shied a stone at the crane, who went off again into the

darkness with a hop and a skip of offended pertness and a flourish of his feathers, much as an ancient dame of quality might trot over a muddy street holding up and shaking out her frounces.

From The Geographical Magazine.

ON HUMAN AGENCY IN THE DISPERSION OF PLANTS.

MAN has, perhaps more than any other agency, helped to carry the plants of one region to another, and to confound the original distribution of species. Wherever he goes he carries the seeds of plants with him—the merchant in the packing of his goods, the colonist with his household gods, and, more directly, among his cultivated grains, and the march of his armies over the world might be traced by the plants which have sprung up in their tracks. The most carefully cleaned grain will contain the seeds of the weeds which have grown along with it, and which, like “ill weeds which spring apace,” propagate rapidly until they gain a footing, and either maintain it, or, in many cases, maintain it to the prejudice of the indigenous flora. The seaman brings plants in his ballast from every distant land—the climate of which is often similar to that of the land on which he shoots it to make room for his merchandise, and accordingly every botanist knows that there are numerous foreign plants to be looked for in any locality where ships are in the habit of discharging their ballast. Since the extensive introduction of foreign wools, in the vicinity of localities where this wool is washed and bleached many plants of the wool-growing countries have sprung up. De Candolle noticed this long ago in the vicinity of Montpellier, and mentioned that in his time there was scarcely a year in which foreign plants were not to be found naturalized in a wool-drying ground (Porte Juvenal) in the vicinity of that city. Among these naturalized plants are *Centaurea parviflora*, *Psoralea palestina*, and *Hypericum crispum*. Since De Candolle's day various botanists have successively kept note of what plants sprung up, until now the list reaches the surprising number of 438—the species mostly belonging to the European coasts of the Mediterranean, whence most of the wool comes. However, representatives from Algiers, Morocco, Syria, Egypt, Asia Minor,

North and South America, have presented themselves, including some new species, the native land of which is yet unknown. Near Louviers M. Bocquillon gathered out of Australian wool a great quantity of the fruits of *leguminosæ*, which produced under his care numerous plants.\* In every woollen factory, in the wool-cleaning rooms, heaps of the fruits of plants may be seen lying, and as in some cases these are sold to the farmers as manure, numerous foreign weeds may spring up in their fields. Planchon has, however, shown that though those seeds brought in wool to Montpellier gave a varying character to the flora of the neighbourhood, yet only six species seem fairly naturalized and common. Mr. Gilbert Stuart† has more recently observed similar facts regarding the vicinity of Galashiels, where there are extensive wool washing and drying works. Among others, he found naturalized on the banks of the Tweed and the Gala the following species, some of which are rare even in England, some new to Scotland, while others are entire strangers to Britain:—*Camelina sativa*, *Lepidium rudemale*, *Saponaria officinalis*, *Silene angelica*, *Medicago masculata*, *M. denticulata*, *Lathyrum hypsophifolium*, *Polycarpon tetraphyllum*, *Daucus gummifer*, *Cacaulis duroides*, *Erigeron acris*, *Centaurea solstitialis*, *Xanthium spinosum*, *Amaranthus Blitum*, *Chenopodium murale*, *Setaria viridis*, *Apera Spicaventa*, *Polypogon monspeliensis*, &c. Altogether more than forty species were found. Plants will escape from botanic gardens and get scattered all over Europe. In Linnæus's day the fleabane or Canada thistle (*Erigeron Canadensis*) had been scarcely a century in the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris before it was carried by the winds over France, the British Islands, Italy, Sicily, Holland, and Germany.‡ The same observation might be made regarding various species of *Minulus* especially *M. luteus*, which was introduced from North-west America, by David Douglas, not forty years ago, and is now scattered over the British Islands from Cornwall to the Orkneys, where I have picked it—to all appearance (had the contrary not been known) wild. Similar instances could be multiplied to almost any extent, but the bearing of the foregoing is self-evident. When we consider

\* *La Vie des Plantes*, p. 269.

† *Trans. Bot. Soc., Edin.*, vol. x., p. 170.

‡ *Amantillates Academicæ*, vol. ii., p. 409.

how recently the flora of Europe has been carefully studied, we may imagine how many plants crept in from other countries without being remarked, and are now ranked as indigenous species. The same intermixture is going on in countries the flora of which is imperfectly known. In hot and ill-cultivated countries such naturalizations take place more easily. For instance, Willdenow mentions that *Chenopodium ambrosioides*, sown by Mr. Burchell on a point of St. Helena, multiplied in four years to such an extent as to become one of the commonest weeds in the island. The feather-like seeds of *Asclepias carasavica*, introduced from Otaheite into New Caledonia as the stuffing of a lobster, have now multiplied that plant to such an extent as to cause serious uneasiness to agriculturists. In the same island the common couch-grass, introduced a few years ago from Sydney, whence it came from Europe in the packing of some goods, has now sprung up in such abundance as to be rapidly killing the native grasses. The thorn-apple (*Datura Stramonium*), a plant of the East Indies and Abyssinia, more than a century ago had spread as a naturalized plant through every country in Europe, except Sweden, Lapland, and Norway, through the aid of gipsy quacks, who used the seed as antispasmodics or frequently applied them to more questionable uses. The same plant is widely spread over the United States. To such an extent has this gone on in certain countries, that in the Cape of Good Hope, for example, there are more naturalized introduced species than all the native ones put together. Finally, I am informed by Professor Archer, of Edinburgh, if further proof of the agency of man was necessary, that *Cenothera biennis*, originally introduced from America in ballast, is spreading all over Europe, forming a beautiful addition to the European flora.

In the United States it is a finable offence to permit the Canada thistle to perfect its seeds. In Denmark the same law prevails in reference to the corn marigold and the common thistle. In the early history of Scotland whoever "poisoned the king's landes with weeds, introducing thereby a host of enemies," was denounced as a traitor. In Ireland, Canada (including British Columbia), and Australia, similar laws are in force in reference to the eradication of thistles. In St. Helena—at the time of its discovery in 1501—there were not found

over sixty species of plants. Its flora now comprises 750 species, though allowance must be made for the more minute search of later times. These plants were introduced with seeds, &c. A collection of the weeds of Upper Egypt, and the gardens of the Bosphorus, were found to be identical with those growing under the same conditions in New England. The change from one locality to another is affected by a thousand circumstances. The herbs, which form so important a part of the *materia medica* of the Eastern States of America, spring up along the prairie-path just opened by the caravan of the settler. The herbarium of the botanist may accidentally sow seeds at the foot of the Himalayas, or on the plains that skirt the Alps. The straw and grass employed in packing the sculptures of Thorwaldsen were scattered in the courtyard of the Museum at Copenhagen, where they were deposited, and next year there sprang up no less than twenty-five species of plants belonging to the Roman campaign.

How armies help to scatter plants is shown by the fact that in the campaign of 1814, the Russian troops brought, in the stuffing of their saddles, seeds from the banks of the Dnieper and the Don to the valley of the Rhone, and even introduced the plants of the steppes into the environs of Paris. The Turkish army in their incursions into Europe brought eastern vegetables in their train, and left the seeds of Oriental plants to bloom on the ramparts of Buda and Vienna. *Lepidium Draba*—a plant of Central and Southern Europe, and temperate Russian Asia—was introduced into England in 1809 by the returned troops from the disastrous Walcheren expedition. Many of the troops disembarked at Ramsgate, and the straw of their mattresses was thrown into an old chalk-pit belonging to a Mr. Thompson, from whom the weed, now troublesome and spread over many parts of the Isle of Thanet, was long known to the country people as "Thompson's weed." In 1872 the attention of the French Academy of Sciences was called by M. de Vibraye to the fact that numerous plants, chiefly from Algeria, and other parts of the Mediterranean coast, which had been used for forage by cavalry and artillery horses, from beyond the sea, employed in the Franco-Germanic war, had sprung up on the fields of camp and other ground occupied by the armies. These plants, though from warmer countries, were getting rapidly naturalized,



and flourished vigorously even in the most barren spots, transforming themselves into natural meadows. In the vicinity of Strasbourg, M. Buchinger found, on examining bundles of hay served out to some cavalry horses, in August 1870, eighty-four species of plants belonging to Algeria. On examining the meadows in the following spring two exotic *centaureas* were discovered, and subsequent investigation showed that many more were continually springing up. Most imported species were found in the department of the Loire and Cher, and along the right bank of the Loiret, the old racecourse of Blois, and other places frequently occupied by troops. In March, 1872, young plants had sprung up near Blois and Orleans, on barren sands, where from time immemorial nothing had grown but a few stunted weeds. Altogether, up to the date of M. de Vibrate's communication, no less than 157 introduced species have sprung up, these including fifty-two *leguminosæ*, twenty-eight *graminaceæ*, twenty-eight *compositæ*, eight *cruciferae*, eight *malvaceæ*, and a smaller number of representatives from various other orders. On the coast of Mekran the date-palm is common, but in the interior it is confined to certain lines of country, and the local tradition is that the palms along the lines in the interior of the country sprang up from the stones dropped by Alexander the Great's soldiers on their return from India.\* In like manner the rib-grass (*Plantago*) used to be known among the New England Indians as the "Englishman's foot," and in Oregon, *Oxalis Acetosella* (the wood sorrel), which has now spread over all the cultivated districts, used to be known as the "Hudson's Bay weed," the commercial company of that name being credited (?) with its introduction in seed wheat. The nettle is also a constant accompaniment of man in his migrations from Europe over the world.

A mere accident will determine the introduction of a species. The Canada thistle is said to have sprung up in Europe from a seed dropped two hundred years ago from the stuffed skin of a bird. It is now one of the most common weeds.

It must, however, be remembered that man, if he assists in spreading species, also most materially assists in circumscribing the area of others — by changes in the physical geography of a country, or

the introduction of species which retard the growth of either the indigenous or other colonial species introduced by him.\*

*The Struggle for Existence.* — This phrase of Mr. Darwin's has got familiarized to an extent that few scientific terms have reached. We have long known that in the thickly populated human communities there is really a struggle for existence, but there is another struggle more ancient, dating from the first appearance of created beings on earth, and which has been raging ever since with a *furor* more or less keen than that with which unhappily (?) we of the newer creation have been too long acquainted. An appreciation of the nature and extent of this struggle lies at the bottom of a right understanding of the laws which regulate the range and development of species.

Duchartre — an eminent French botanist — has very piquantly remarked that the vegetable world presents the spectacle of a struggle going on at every place, and everywhere at the same time. No sooner does a plant take possession of a vacant spot than it is opposed by another invader; and in the case of social plants, the new arrivals take hold of the district to the ousting of all others — a flora poor in species thus occupying the place which might otherwise have been occupied by a rich one. In the struggle the most vigorous wins. Not only herbaceous, but woody plants, shrubs, and trees, are subjected to the competition for growing-room and existence. We are, however, more familiar with it in the case of herbaceous plants. Linnæus calculated that if an annual plant produced two seeds, which shall arrive at perfection (and no plant produces so few), and these in turn perfect each two, and so on in geometrical ratio, at the end of twenty years the descendants from the original plant would be a million of individuals. It is reckoned that a single plant of groundsel (*Senecio*) may produce 6500 seeds, one of chickweed (*Stellaria*) 5000, and one of shepherd's-purse (*Capsella*) 4500. Darwin † calculates that a single plant of an orchid — *Cephalanthera grandiflora* — produces 24,000 seeds, and the common *Orchis maculata* the prodigious amount of 186,300; so that, in ordinary geometrical increase (did not the "struggle for existence" intervene) the great grand-

\* Bartle Frere, *Proc. Roy. Geog. Soc.*, vol. xvi. (1872), p. 22.

\* In the Appendix to Pickering's *Races of Man*, a list of the plants introduced into several countries is given.

† *Fertilisation of Orchids*, pp. 344-45.

children of a single plant would nearly (in the proportion of 47 to 50) "clothe with one uniform green carpet the entire surface of the land throughout the globe." Yet the orchid in question is by no means widely distributed—the result being that what with overcrowding, the preying of insects, and the mishaps usually looked upon as accidents, very few of this enormous progeny ever reach maturity. The botanist who thinks over these matters, soon comes to the conclusion of Dean Herbert, that "plants do not grow where they like best, but where other plants will let them"—in other words, "climate and soil have not so much influence on the free growth of a plant as the presence or absence of other plants, with which it has to struggle to maintain its place." Mr. Darwin\* puts the whole subject admirably in the following passage, in reference to the animal kingdom; but the same, *mutatis mutandis*, might be applied to the vegetable:—"We behold the face of nature bright with gladness: we often see superabundance of food. We do not see, or we forget, that the birds which are idly singing around us mostly live on insects or seeds, and are thus constantly destroying life: or we forget how largely these songsters, or their eggs, or their nestlings, are destroyed by beasts of prey: we do not always bear in mind that, though food may now be superabundant, it is not so at all seasons of each recurring year †

In our own country this is apparent. The American water-weed (*Anacharis alsinastrium*) was first recorded in Britain in 1845, though observed a few years sooner. Now it has spread with inconceivable rapidity over the whole land (though, in Britain, it has never yet been known to produce seeds), to the extinction of the native water-weeds with which it comes into contact, yet in America it is not more troublesome than other weeds. The *Ranunculus aquatilis* (water crowfoot) generally disappears in due

course when the *Anacharis* introduces itself. Its spread into so many localities is doubtless due to water-fowl. The fringed water-lily (*Villarsia nymphaeoides*) Mr. Britten tells us, was quickly eliminated from a pond on Wandsworth Common, Surrey, into which it had been introduced, when the *Anacharis* made its appearance, though previously to all appearance naturalized. The *Potamogeton* seems, however, to be able to keep it in check. In some places this "water thyme," or "drain devil," is really impeding the navigation of canals and rivers—such as at Aylesbury and in the Cam. From M. Duchartre we learn that *Jussiaea grandiflora* thrown into the river Lez, close to Montpellier, from the Botanic Gardens, is now an impediment to the navigation, and that *Apongetum distachyum*, planted in the same river, is also getting naturalized. In like manner, *Galsinoga parviflora*—a Peruvian plant—is getting naturalized in the neighbourhood of Kew and Richmond. *Veronica Bauxbaumii*, a native of Southern Europe and Central Asia, which first appeared in England in 1823, is now one of our most common corn-weeds, and an American balsam (*Impatiens fulva*) is equally at home amongst us. We know that this has been introduced; but in reality plants like the poppies, corncockle, pimpernel, red dead-nettle, fumitory, and most of our corn-weeds, and even such plants as the chickweed, groundsel, shepherd's-purse, and *Poa annua* are to a great extent dependent on cultivation, and may have originally been introduced, though their origin cannot now be traced. The three last, as Dr. Hooker has well remarked, are closely connected with cultivation. "I do not remember," he says, "ever having seen any of these plants established, where the soil was undisturbed, or where, if undisturbed, they had not been obviously brought by man or the lower animals: and yet I have gathered the shepherd's-purse in various parts of Europe, in Syria, in the Himalayas, in Australia, New Zealand and the Falkland Islands." The same eminent botanist and physical geographer directs attention to the fact that, while in uncultivated districts the proportion of annual plants is exceedingly small, in cultivated districts they are numerous; "and, the further we go from cultivation, roads and made ground, the rarer they become; till at last, in the uninhabited islets of the west coast of Scotland, and in its mountainous glens, annuals are extremely

\* His great work (*The Origin of Species*) is, of course, the best authority in regard to the questions here discussed. But in the Natural History Department of the *Field* for 1863, Mr. Britten, of the British Museum, has given an excellent résumé of the subject with new facts which we have taken advantage of. Dr. Maxwell Masters, with his wonted clearness and ability, has also discussed the subject in the *Popular Science Rev.*, 1873, p. 35.

† Pliny appreciated this struggle for existence:—"Necant invicem interesse umbra vel densitate atque alimule raritas . . . necat et edera vinciens, nec viscum prodest et cyllus necatur eo quod hylimen vocant Græci.—(*Hist. Nat.*, lib. xv., cap. xxiv.)

rare, and confined to the immediate neighbourhood of cottages." He continues, "It is usually said of some of the annual plants that they prefer cultivated ground, nitrogenous soil, and so forth, and this is no doubt true; but that they will flourish where no such advantages attend them a very little observation shows; and that they do not continue to flourish elsewhere is due mainly to the fact that, being annuals, their room is taken as soon as they die, and the next year's seedling has no chance of success in the struggle with perennials." About one-fifth of the British plants are supposed to be naturalized species — many of them being dependent on agriculture for their existence. *Rumex acetosella* has been introduced in grain into nearly every colony, and in New Zealand it is spreading with singular activity, and would take possession of the land did not the farmer find that in the struggle for existence it cannot bear up against the greater vigour of the white clover, which soon kills it. This is taking advantage of "natural selection." Even, in one locality at least, the white clover has its match in the cat's-ear (*Hypochaeris radicata*), which has been introduced into New Zealand, where in less than three years excellent pastures have been destroyed by it. In little more than thirty years, at least 180 European weeds have got thoroughly naturalized in New Zealand, and in the Northern United States alone 214 British plants have got introduced from Europe since that country was colonized, and are now settled as if "to the manor born."\* In Gray's *Manual of the Flora of the Northern United States* altogether 260 naturalized plants are enumerated, belonging to 162 genera, and of these 162 naturalized genera no less than 100 are not indigenous here. Out of 2091 indigenous flowering plants, there are 321 European species.†

The knot-grass is very common about New York, and the introduction of the *Anacharis* into Britain is paralleled by that of the *Vallisneria* into the Hudson, where, in the months of August and September, it almost stops navigation in many places. The watercress threatens to choke up the New Zealand rivers in the province of Canterbury. These may be taken as salient examples, but in-

stances could be multiplied to almost any extent. Thus a grass (*Stipa textilis*) has invaded the southern Russian steppes, and is rapidly displacing almost every other plant. Plants introduced into India since it was first visited by Europeans now range from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas, and several plants, such as the cardoon (*Silybrum marmiarum*), and a tall thistle (*Cynara Cardunculus*), introduced from Europe, now clothes, almost to the exclusion of other plants, whole leagues of the plains of La Plata and Uruguay. Auguste Saint-Hilaire mentions that in Brazil, around Saint Therese, the European violets, borage, fennel, and some geraniums, are perfectly naturalized. The oat is very common in the pastures, and everywhere throughout the country we find the familiar mallow *Anthemis* and *Marrubium* of Europe. A European *Magyrum* is now completely naturalized on the walls of Montevideo, and occupies the space between the city and suburb. The flora of the American prairies is, as a whole, singularly susceptible to the inroads of civilization. Even the grazing of cattle for a few years is sufficient to materially alter its character. The grasses dwindle in size and luxuriance, while the relative abundance of the other plants becomes materially altered. The breaking-up and turning-up of the soil at once exterminates a large number of the previously dominant species, and the more hardy exotics usurp their places, the cereals, the cultivated grasses, and the noxious weeds of the old world thoroughly "crowding out" the original occupants of the soil.\* Mr. H. Gillman notices that in a pool at Sandwich, on the Detroit River, U.S., *Wolfia Columbiana* (Kars-ten) has taken possession, driving out the equally tiny *Lemna minor*, before quite abundant.†

Mr. Darwin states that "the facts hitherto observed favour the supposition that in the struggle for life between the denizens of the Old Continent and the New, the former are prepotent," and attributes this to "the longer period they have engaged in the strife, and the consequent vigour they have acquired." At all events these facts show us that plants are not in all cases placed by nature just in those situations which are most advantageous to them — plants at-

\* Travers, cited by Hooker in *Natural History Review*, 1864, p. 124.

† Gray on Statistics of the Flora of the Northern United States, in *American Journal of Science*, 1856, p. 9.

\* J. A. Allen in *American Naturalist*, vol. iv. (1870), p. 585.

† *Ibid.*, iv., p. 690.

taining more vigour in localities where they have not been settled more than a hundred years than in their original homes. In the clothing of a railway embankment with plants the annuals which at first take possession have soon to yield to the perennials, and disappear after a year or two.

In New Zealand especially do we see this struggle for existence going on between native and introduced plants and animals. The Maoris have even recognized it, and have a proverb that, "As the white man's rat has driven away the native rat, as the European fly drives away our own, and as the clover kills our fern, so will the Maoris disappear before the white man himself." Perhaps the most remarkable instance is the threatened extermination of the New Zealand *Phoridium tenax*, a strong fibrous plant, with leaves sometimes ten feet long, by the common white clover. Though when masses of this "flax"—in reality it is one of the lilies, and does not belong to the flax order (*Linaceæ*) at all—are broken up, number of other plants appear on the disturbed soil, yet the white clover reigns triumphant over all. The cattle following the clover into the swamps, trample down the flax more and more, and so help its extinction, animal and vegetable thus working in harmony.

The original vegetation of the Cape Colony is being in many places destroyed or rapidly deteriorated by overstocking and by the accidental introduction of various weeds. Among the most important of the latter is *Xanthium spinosum*, introduced from Europe, the achenes (or characteristic fruits) of which cling to the wool with such tenacity that it is almost impossible to detach them, and which render it almost unsalable. It spreads with such rapidity that in some parts legislative enactments have been passed for its extirpation; and where this is not done it almost usurps the place of the more useful vegetation. Mr. Benthams states that the *Xanthium* has in the same manner deteriorated the pastures in Queensland, whilst in the south of Europe, where it is equally abundant, it does not appear to cause such injurious results. Though generally distributed through Europe, the plant is, probably, of Chilian origin.\*

And so it is in all countries, though

more especially in those rich in species, and where the soil is more valuable, until we come to the Arctic regions, where the species, like the natives, do not require to contend with other races, but only with the elements. In all this the student will observe that there is no confusion—no contradiction to the harmony of the providence of nature—but only parts of one beautiful law. The wars of the roses may be a perpetual war, but it is a war between well-ordered and well-disciplined foes. When we talk of a plant being "rare" or "common," we in reality condense into these two words a wider world of fact and theory than is dreamt of. In a remarkable passage Darwin shows this; and there is richer food for thought in it than even at first sight appears:—"When we look at the plants and bushes clothing an entangled bank," he writes, "we are apt to attribute their proportional numbers or kinds to what we call 'chance.' But how false a view is this! Every one has heard that when an American forest is cut down, a very different vegetation springs up; but it has been observed that ancient Indian ruins, in the Southern United States, which must formerly have been cleared of trees, now display the same beautiful diversity and proportion of kinds as in the surrounding virgin forest. What a struggle between the several kinds of trees must here have gone over during long centuries, each annually scattering its seeds by the thousand: what war between insect and insect—between insects, snails, and other animals, with birds and beasts of prey—all striving to increase, and all feeding on each other, or on the trees, their seeds, and seedlings; or on other plants which first clothed the ground, and thus checked the growth of the trees! Throw up a handful of feathers, and all must fall to the ground, according to definite laws; but how simple is this problem where each shall fall, compared with that of the action and reaction of the innumerable plants and animals which have determined, in the course of centuries, the proportional numbers and kinds of trees now growing on the old Indian ruins." Yet the equilibrium of species in the world, or in the same particular locality, is preserved by the number of foes or allies it may have among the animals and plants inhabiting the same region—a question we cannot go into. It would be equally foreign to the nature of this journal to point out what bearing the facts we

\* Shaw, *Journ. Linnæan Soc. (Botany)*, vol. xiv., 202.



have enumerated have on certain deeply interesting and important philosophical questions now agitating the scientific world. It is enough to summarize the state of our knowledge, in the hope that our readers, scattered over the world, may add to it. ROBERT BROWN.

From The Cornhill Magazine.  
FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

CHAPTER LIV.

AFTER THE SHOCK.

BOLDWOOD passed into the high road, and turned in the direction of Caster-bridge. Here he walked at an even, steady pace by Buck's Head, along the dead level beyond, mounted Caster-bridge Hill, and between eleven and twelve o'clock descended into the town. The streets were nearly deserted now, and the waving lamp-flames only lighted up rows of grey shop-shutters, and strips of white paving upon which his step echoed as he passed along. He turned to the left, and halted before an archway of old brown brick, which was closed by an iron-studded pair of doors. This was the entrance to the gaol, and over it a lamp was fixed, the light enabling the wretched traveller to find the bell-pull.

The small wicket at last opened, and a porter appeared. Boldwood stepped forward and said something in a low tone, then, after a delay, another man came. Boldwood entered, and the door was closed behind him, and he walked the world no more.

Long before this time Weatherbury had been thoroughly aroused, and the wild deed which had terminated Boldwood's merrymaking became known to all. Of those out of the house Oak was one of the first to hear of the catastrophe, and when he entered the room, which was about five minutes after Boldwood's exit, the scene was terrible. All the female guests were huddled aghast against the walls like sheep in a storm, and the men were bewildered as to what to do. As for Bathsheba, she had changed. She was sitting on the floor beside the body of Troy, his head pillowed in her lap, where she had herself lifted it. With one hand she held her handkerchief to his breast and covered the wound, though scarcely a single drop of blood had flowed, and with the other she tightly

clasped one of his. The household convulsion had made her herself again. The temporary coma had ceased, and activity had come with the necessity for it. Deeds of endurance, which seem ordinary in philosophy, are rare in conduct, and Bathsheba was astonishing all around her now, for her philosophy was her conduct, and she seldom thought practicable what she did not practise. She was of the stuff of which great men's mothers are made. She was indispensable to high generation, feared at tea-parties, hated in shops, and loved at crises. Troy in his recumbent wife's lap formed now the sole spectacle in the middle of the spacious room.

"Gabriel," she said, automatically, when he entered, turning up a face of which only the well-known lines remained to tell him it was hers, all else in the picture having faded quite, "Ride to Casterbridge instantly for a surgeon. It is, I believe, useless, but go. Mr. Boldwood has shot my husband."

Her statement of the fact in such quiet and simple words came with more force than a tragic declamation, and had somewhat the effect of setting the distorted images in each mind present into proper focus. Oak, almost before he had comprehended anything beyond the briefest abstract of the event, hurried out of the room, saddled a horse and rode away. Not till he had ridden more than a mile did it occur to him that he would have done better by sending some other man on this errand, remaining himself in the house. What had become of Boldwood? He should have been looked after. Was he mad—had there been a quarrel? Then how had Troy got here? Where had he come from? How did this remarkable reappearance come to pass when he was supposed to be at the bottom of the sea? Oak had in some slight measure been prepared for the presence of Troy by hearing a rumour of his return just before entering Boldwood's house; but before he had weighed that information, this fatal event had been superimposed. However, it was too late now to think of sending another messenger, and he rode on, in the excitement of these self-inquiries not discerning, when about three miles from Casterbridge, a square-figured pedestrian passing along under the dark hedge in the same direction as his own.

The miles necessary to be traversed, and other hindrances incidental to the lateness of the hour and the darkness of

the night, delayed the arrival of Mr. Granthead, the surgeon; and more than three hours passed between the time at which the shot was fired and that of his entering the house. Oak was additionally detained in Casterbridge through having to give notice to the authorities of what had happened; and he then found that Boldwood had also entered the town, and delivered himself up.

In the meantime the surgeon, having hastened into the hall at Boldwood's, found it in darkness and quite deserted. He went on to the back of the house, where he discovered in the kitchen an old man, of whom he made inquiries.

"She's had him took away to her own house, sir," said his informant.

"Who has?" said the doctor.

"Mrs. Troy. 'A was quite dead, sir."

This was astonishing information. "She had no right to do that," said the doctor. "There will have to be an inquest, and she should have waited to know what to do."

"Yes, sir; it was hinted to her that she had better wait till the law was known. But she said law was nothing to her, and she wouldn't let her dear husband's corpse bide neglected for folks to stare at for all the crownors in England."

Mr. Granthead drove at once back again up the hill to Bathsheba's. The first person he met was poor Liddy, who seemed literally to have dwindled smaller in these few latter hours. "What has been done?" he said.

"I don't know, sir," said Liddy, with suspended breath. "My mistress has done it all."

"Where is she!"

"Up-stairs with him, sir. When he was brought home and taken up-stairs, she said she wanted no further help from the men. And then she called me, and made me fill the bath, and after that told me I had better go and lie down because I looked so ill. Then she locked herself into the room alone with him, and would not let a nurse come in, or anybody at all. But I thought I'd wait in the next room in case she should want me. I heard her moving about inside for more than an hour, but she only came out once, and that was for more candles, because hers had burnt down into the socket. She said we were to let her know, when you or Mr. Thirdly came, sir."

Oak entered with the parson at this

moment, and they all went up-stairs together, preceded by Liddy Smallbury. Everything was silent as the grave when they paused on the landing. Liddy knocked, and Bathsheba's dress was heard rustling across the room: the key turned in the lock, and she opened the door. Her looks were calm and nearly rigid, like a slightly animated bust of Melpomene.

"Oh, Mr. Granthead, you have come at last," she murmured from her lips merely, and threw back the door. "Ah, and Mr. Thirdly. Well, all is done, and anybody in the world may see him now." She then passed by him, crossed the landing, and entered another room.

Looking into the chamber of death she had vacated they saw by the light of the candles which were on the drawers a tall straight shape lying at the further end of the bedroom, wrapped in white. Everything around was quite orderly. The doctor went in and after a few minutes returned to the landing again, where Oak and the parson still waited.

"It is all done, indeed, as she says," remarked Mr. Granthead, in a subdued voice. "The body has been undressed and properly laid out in graveclothes. Gracious heaven—this mere girl! She must have the nerve of a stoic!"

"The heart of a wife merely," floated in a whisper about the ears of the three, and turning they saw Bathsheba in the midst of them. Then as if at that instant to prove that her fortitude had been more of will than of spontaneity, she silently sank down between them and was a shapeless heap of drapery on the floor. The simple consciousness that superhuman strain was no longer required had at once put a period to her power to continue it.

They took her away into a further room, and the medical attendance which had been useless in Troy's case was invaluable in Bathsheba's, who fell into a series of fainting-fits that had a serious aspect for a time. The sufferer was got to bed, and Oak, finding from the bulletins that nothing really dreadful was to be apprehended on her score, left the house. Liddy kept watch in Bathsheba's chamber, where she heard her mistress moaning in whispers through the dull slow hours of that wretched night: "Oh, it is my fault—how can I live! O heaven, how can I live!"

## CHAPTER LV.

## THE MARCH FOLLOWING: "BATHSHEBA BOLDWOOD."

WE pass rapidly on into the month of March, to a breezy day without sunshine, frost, or dew. On Yalbury Hill, about midway between Weatherbury and Casterbridge, where the turnpike road passes over the crest, a numerous concourse of people had gathered, the eyes of the greater number being frequently stretched afar in a northerly direction. The groups consisted of a throng of idlers, a party of javelin-men, and two trumpeters, and in the midst were carriages, one of which contained the high sheriff. With the idlers, many of whom had mounted to the top of a cutting formed for the road, were several Weatherbury men and boys — among others Poorgrass, Coggan, and Cain Ball.

At the end of half an hour a faint dust was seen in the expected quarter, and shortly after a travelling-carriage bringing one of the two judges on that circuit came up the hill and halted on the top. The judge changed carriages whilst a flourish was blown by the big-cheeked trumpeters, and a procession being formed of the vehicles and javelin-men, they all proceeded towards the town, excepting the Weatherbury men, who as soon as they had seen the judge move off returned home again to their work.

"Joseph, I seed you squeezing close to the carriage," said Coggan, as they walked. "Did ye notice my lord judge's face?"

"I did," said Poorgrass. "I looked hard at en, as if I would read his very soul; and there was mercy in his eyes — or to speak with the exact truth required of us at this solemn time in the eye that was towards me."

"Well, I hope for the best," said Coggan, "though bad that must be. However, I sha'n't go to the trial, and I'd advise the rest of ye that baint wanted to bide away. 'Twill disturb his mind more than anything to see us there staring at him as if he were a show."

"The very thing I said this morning," observed Joseph. "'Justice is come to weigh him in the balance,' I said in my reflectious way, 'and if he's found wanting so be it unto him,' and a bystander said 'Hear, hear! A man who can talk like that ought to be heard.' But I don't like dwelling upon it, for my few words are my few words, and not much; though the speech of some men is rumoured

abroad as though by nature formed for such."

"So 'tis, Joseph. And now, neighbours, as I said, every man bide at home."

The resolution was adhered to; and all waited anxiously for the news next day. Their suspense was diverted, however, by a discovery which was made in the afternoon, throwing more light on Boldwood's conduct and condition than any details which had preceded it.

That he had been from the time of Greenhill Fair until the fatal Christmas Eve in excited and unusual moods was known to those who had been intimate with him; but nobody imagined that there had been shown unequivocal symptoms of the mental derangement which Bathsheba and Troy, alone of all others and at different times, had momentarily suspected. In a locked closet was now discovered an extraordinary collection of articles. There were several sets of ladies' dresses in the piece, of sundry expensive materials; silks and satins, poplins and velvets, all of colours which from Bathsheba's style of dress might have been judged to be her favourites. There were two muffs, sable and ermine. Above all there was a case of jewellery, containing four heavy gold bracelets and several locketts and rings, all of fine quality and manufacture. These things had been bought in Bath and other towns from time to time, and brought home by stealth. They were all carefully packed in paper, and each package was labelled "Bathsheba Boldwood," a date being subjoined six years in advance in every instance.

These somewhat pathetic evidences of a mind crazed with care and love were the subject of discourse in Warren's malthouse when Oak entered from Casterbridge with tidings of the sentence. He came in the afternoon, and his face, as the kiln-glow shone upon it, told the tale sufficiently well. Boldwood, as every one supposed he would do, had pleaded guilty, and had been sentenced to death.

The conviction that Boldwood had not been morally responsible for his later acts now became general. Facts elicited previous to the trial had pointed strongly in the same direction, but they had not been of sufficient weight to lead to an order for an examination into the state of Boldwood's mind. It was astonishing, now that a presumption of insanity was raised, how many collateral circumstances

were remembered to which a condition of mental disease seemed to afford the only explanation — among others, the unprecedented neglect of his corn-stacks in the previous summer.

A petition was addressed to the Home Secretary, advancing the circumstances which appeared to justify a request for a reconsideration of the sentence. It was not "numerously signed" by the inhabitants of Casterbridge, as is usual in such cases, for Boldwood had never made many friends over the counter. The shops thought it very natural that a man who, by importing direct from the producer, had daringly set aside the first great principle of provincial existence, namely, that God made country villages to supply customers to country towns, should have confused ideas about the second, the Decalogue. The prompters were a few merciful men who had perhaps too feelingly considered the facts latterly unearthed, and the result was that evidence was taken which it was hoped might remove the crime, in a moral point of view, out of the category of wilful murder, and lead it to be regarded as a sheer outcome of madness.

The upshot of the petition was waited for in Weatherbury with solicitous interest. The execution had been fixed for eight o'clock on a Saturday morning about a fortnight after the sentence was passed, and up to Friday afternoon no answer had been received. At that time Gabriel came from Casterbridge gaol, whither he had been to wish Boldwood good-bye, and turned up a by-street to avoid the town. When past the last house he heard a hammering, and lifting his bowed head he looked back for a moment. Over the chimneys he could see the upper part of the gaol-entrance, rich and glowing in the afternoon sun, and some moving figures were there. They were carpenters lifting a post into a vertical position within the parapet. He withdrew his eyes quickly, and hastened on.

It was dark when he reached home, and half the village was out to meet him.

"No tidings," Gabriel said, wearily. "And I'm afraid there's no hope. 'I've been with him more than two hours."

"Do ye think he *really* was out of his mind when he did it?" said Smallbury.

"I can't honestly say that I do," Oak replied. "However, that we can talk of another time. Has there been any change in mistress this afternoon?"

"None at all."

"Is she down-stairs?"

"No. And getting on so nicely as she was too. She's but very little better now again than she was a-Christmas. She keeps on asking if you be come, and if there's news, till one's wearied out wi' answering her. Shall I go and say you've come?"

"No," said Oak. "There's a chance yet; but I couldn't stay in town any longer — after seeing him too. So Laban — Laban is here, isn't he?"

"Yes," said Tall.

"What I've arranged is, that you shall ride to town the last thing to-night; leave here about nine, and wait a while there, getting home about twelve. If nothing has been received by eleven to-night, they say there's no chance at all."

"I do so hope his life will be spared," said Liddy. "If it is not, she'll go out of her mind too. Poor thing; her sufferings have been dreadful; she deserves anybody's pity."

"Is she altered much?" said Coggan.

"If you haven't seen poor mistress since Christmas, you wouldn't know her," said Liddy. "Her eyes are so miserable that she's not the same woman. Only two years ago she was a romping girl, and now she's this!"

Laban departed as directed, and at eleven o'clock that night several of the villagers strolled along the road to Casterbridge and awaited his arrival — among them Oak, and nearly all the rest of Bathsheba's men. Gabriel's anxiety was great that Boldwood might be saved even though in his conscience he felt that he ought to die; for there had been qualities in the farmer which Oak loved. At last, when they were all weary, the tramp of a horse was heard in the distance:

First dead, as if on turf it trode,  
Then, clattering, on the village road  
In other pace than forth he yode.

"We shall soon know now, one way or other," said Coggan, and they all stepped down from the bank on which they had been standing into the road, and the rider pranced into the midst of them.

"Is that you, Laban?" said Gabriel.

"Yes — 'tis come. He's not to die. 'Tis confinement during her Majesty's pleasure."

"Hurrah!" said Coggan, with a swelling heart. "God's above the devil yet!"



CHAPTER LVI.

BEAUTY IN LONELINESS: AFTER ALL.

BATHSHEBA revived with the spring. The utter prostration that had followed the low fever from which she had suffered diminished perceptibly when all uncertainty upon every subject had come to an end.

But she remained alone now for the greater part of her time, and stayed in the house, or at farthest went into the garden. She shunned every one, even Liddy, and could be brought to make no confidences, and to ask for no sympathy.

As the summer drew on she passed more of her time in the open air, and began to examine into farming matters from sheer necessity, though she never rode out or personally superintended as at former times. One Friday evening in August she walked a little way along the road and entered the orchard for the first time since the sombre event of the preceding Christmas. None of the old colour had as yet come to her cheek, and its absolute paleness was heightened by the jet black of her dress till it appeared preternatural. When she reached the gate at the other end of the orchard, which opened nearly opposite to the churchyard, Bathsheba heard singing inside the church, and she knew that the singers were practising. She opened the gate, crossed the road and entered the graveyard, the high sills of the church windows effectually screening her from the eyes of those gathered within. Her stealthy walk was to the nook wherein Troy had worked at planting flowers upon Fanny Robin's grave, and she came to the marble tombstone.

A motion of satisfaction enlivened her face as she read the complete inscription. First came the words of Troy himself:

ERECTED BY FRANCIS TROY  
IN MEMORY OF  
FANNY ROBIN,  
WHO DIED OCTOBER 9TH, 18—,  
AGED 20 YEARS.

Underneath this was now inscribed in new letters:

IN THE SAME GRAVE LIE  
THE REMAINS OF THE AFORESAID  
FRANCIS TROY,  
WHO DIED DECEMBER 24TH, 18—,  
AGED 26 YEARS.

Whilst she stood and read and meditated the tones of the organ began again in the church, and she went with the same light step round to the porch and listened.

The door was closed, and the choir was learning a new hymn. Bathsheba was stirred by emotions which latterly she had assumed to be altogether dead within her. The little attenuated voices of the children brought to her ear in distinct utterance the words they sang without thought or comprehension:

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom  
Lead Thou me on.

Bathsheba's feeling was always to some extent dependent upon her whim, as is the case with many other women. Something big came into her throat and an uprising to her eyes—as she thought that she would allow the imminent tears to flow if they wished. They did flow and plenteously, and one fell upon the stone bench beside her. Once that she had begun to cry for she hardly knew what, she could not leave off for crowding thoughts she knew too well. She would have given anything in the world to be, as those children were, unconcerned at the meaning of their words, because too innocent to feel the necessity for any such expression. All the impassioned scenes of her brief experience seemed to revive with added emotion at that moment, and those scenes which had been without emotion during enactment had emotion then. Yet grief came to her rather as a luxury than as the scourge of former times.

Owing to Bathsheba's face being buried in her hands she did not notice a form which came quietly into the porch, and on seeing her first moved as if to retreat, then paused and regarded her. Bathsheba did not raise her head for some time, and when she looked round her face was wet, and her eyes drowned and dim. "Mr. Oak," exclaimed she, disconcerted, "how long have you been here?"

"A few minutes, ma'am," said Oak, respectfully.

"Are you going in?" said Bathsheba; and there came from within the church as from a prompter:

I loved the garish day; and spite of fears  
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

"I was," said Gabriel. "I am one of the bass singers, you know. I have sung bass for several months."

"Indeed: I wasn't aware of that. I'll leave you then."

Which I have loved long since, and lost  
awhile,  
sang the children.

From The Popular Science Review.  
CLASSIFICATION OF COMETS.

By RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., CAMBRIDGE,  
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SOME of the facts of science are stranger than any fictions which even the liveliest imagination could devise. So strange are they that even the student of science who has been engaged in the work of mastering them is scarcely willing to admit them in their full significance, or to accept all the inferences which are directly or indirectly deducible from them. This, true in all departments of science, is especially noteworthy in astronomy; and perhaps there is no branch of astronomy in which it is more strikingly seen than in that which relates to comets. During the last quarter of a century discoveries of the most surprising nature have been made respecting these mysterious bodies; relations have been revealed which bring them into association with other objects once regarded as of a totally different nature, and the path seems opened towards results yet more amazing, by which, more than by any others which even astronomy has disclosed, we seem brought into the presence of infinite space and infinite time. The earth on which we live—nay, our solar system itself—seems reduced to utter insignificance compared with the tremendous dimensions of comet-traversed space; while all the eras of history, and even those which measure our earth's existence, seem as mere seconds compared with the awful time-intervals to which we are introduced by the study of cometic phenomena.

One of the most interesting points suggested by the recent cometic discoveries is the question, how comets are to be classified. That they are not all of the same order is manifest, whether we consider their size, or the shape and extent of their orbits. But precisely as in zoölogical classification mere size or development is considered a much less important point than some really characteristic difference of structure, or even than a difference of distribution, so in classifying comets it would be unsatisfactory in the extreme could we have no more characteristic difference to deal with than that of dimensions. Supposing, for instance, that we could separate comets into those with or without a nucleus, or those with or without a tail; such a classification, if it was found to correspond with a real difference of na-

ture, would be much more satisfactory than the arrangement of comets into various orders differing only in size. One of the most interesting questions, then, in the cometic astronomy of a few years ago was this—Are the peculiarities just referred to—the absence or presence of a nucleus, or of a tail—really characteristic, or do they correspond to mere differences of development? I say that this question belonged to cometic astronomy of a few years ago, though even then there were reasons for regarding the various forms of structure observed in comets as depending only on development. Of course comets which, during the whole time of their visibility, showed neither tail nor well-defined nucleus, could afford no means of answering the question. But a comet like Donati's—the glorious plumed comet of 1858—which appeared as a mere globular haze of light, and gradually during its approach to the sun assumed one form after another of cometic adornment—the nucleus, the fan-shaped expansion, the long curved tail, striations within the tail and envelopes outside the fan, while finally even subsidiary tails made their appearance—teaches us unmistakably that these features depend merely on development. We might as reasonably place the chicken in another class than the full-grown fowl because it has neither comb nor coloured tail-feathers, as set a small comet in another order than that to which Donati's belongs, because the small one shows neither tail nor coma. The gradual loss of these appendages by Donati's comet, during its retreat into outer space, of course strengthens this view. But perhaps the most remarkable proof ever afforded of the variety of appearance which the same comet may present, was that given by Halley's comet at its return in 1835-36; for on that occasion, after showing a fine coma and tail during its approach towards the sun, it was seen in the southern hemisphere by Herschel and Maclear, not only without tail, but even without coma, appearing in fact precisely like a star of the second magnitude. After this—that is to say, during its retreat—it gradually resumed its coma, and even seemed to be throwing out a new tail, but no complete tail was formed while the comet remained visible.

Indeed the difference between the appearance presented by the same comet before and after its nearest approach to the sun is not only remarkable in itself,

but subject to remarkable variations. "What is very remarkable," says Sir John Herschel on the first point, "the shape and size are usually totally different after the comet's reappearance (on the other side of the sun) from what they were before its disappearance. Some," he remarks on the second point, "like those which appeared in 1858 and 1861, without altogether disappearing as if swallowed up by the sun, after attaining a certain maximum or climax of splendour and size, die away, and at the same time move southward, and are seen in the southern hemisphere, the faded remnants of a brighter and more glorious existence of which we here witnessed the grandest display; and on the other hand we here receive as it were many comets from the southern sky, whose greatest display the inhabitants of the southern parts of the earth only have witnessed. It also very often happens that a comet, which before its disappearance in the sun's rays was but a feeble and insignificant object, reappears magnified and glorified, throwing out an immense tail, and exhibiting every symptom of violent excitement, as if set on fire by a near approach to the source of light and heat. Such was the case with the great comet of 1680, and that of 1843, both of which, as I shall presently take occasion to explain, really did approach extremely near to the body of the sun, and must have undergone a very violent heat. Other comets, furnished with beautiful and conspicuous tails before their immersion in the sun's rays, at their reappearance are seen stripped of that appendage, and altogether so very different, that but for a knowledge of their courses it would be quite impossible to identify them as the same bodies. Some, on the other hand, which have escaped notice altogether in their approach to the sun, burst upon us at once in the plenitude of their splendour, quite unexpectedly, as did that of the year 1861."

It was clear, then, long since, that comets cannot be classified either according to their size or their development. But this has been even more conclusively shown by the spectroscopic analysis of large and small comets. For certain bright bands seen in the spectra of the small comets which had been examined before the present year, are found also to characterize the spectrum of the comet which adorned our northern skies last June and July, and to be shown not only by the coma, but also by the tail. I do

not here enter into any special consideration of the results of spectroscopic analysis as applied to this comet, because to say truth our spectroscopists have not met with any noteworthy success; and we must wait till the spectroscopists of the southern hemisphere have sent in their statements before we can determine whether any special accession has been made to our knowledge. It may, however, be assumed from what has been observed here, that the characteristic spectrum of comets, large and small, is that three-band spectrum which was first recognized during the spectroscopic investigation of Tempel's small comet in the year 1866.

Comets, then, must be classified in some other way. It is not difficult to select the proper mode of classification — a method not only satisfactory as respects the distinctions on which it depends, but exceedingly suggestive (as, in fact, every just mode of classification may be expected to be).

I would divide comets into three classes, according to the nature of their paths.

First, there are the comets which have paths so moderate in extent that their periods of revolution belong to the same order as the periods in which the planets revolve around the sun. This class includes all the comets which have been described as Jupiter's comet-family, and all those similarly related to Saturn, to Uranus, and to Neptune. Other comets of somewhat greater period than Neptune's comet-family may perhaps be regarded as associated with as yet undiscovered planets revolving outside the path of Neptune, and therefore as belonging to the same family. I would not, however, attempt to define very narrowly the boundary of the various classes into which comets may be divided, and in what follows I shall limit my remarks to comets which are clearly members of one or other class, leaving out of consideration those respecting which (for want, perhaps, of more complete information than we at present possess) we may feel doubtful.

Secondly, there are comets of long periods, but which yet show unmistakably, by their motions, that they are in reality members of the solar system — such, for instance, as Donati's comet, which may be expected to return to the sun's neighbourhood in the course of about two thousand years.

Lastly, there are the comets whose

motions indicate a path not re-entering into itself. These are of two orders: those which retreat from the sun on a path tending with continual increase of distance to become more and more nearly parallel to the path by which they had approached him; and those whose retreating path carries them divergingly away so that they retreat towards a different part of the heavens than that from which they arrived. Technically, the two orders are those of comets pursuing (i.) parabolic and (ii.) hyperbolic paths. In reality, however, we may dismiss the parabolic path as never actually followed by any comet, any more than a truly circular path is ever actually followed by any planet. We may take it for granted that any comet which seems to follow a parabolic path really follows either an enormously elongated oval path, and so belongs to our second class; or a path carrying it forever away into outer space, and *nearly* in the direction from which it had arrived, but not *exactly*. A comet's path could only have the true parabolic form by a perfect marvel of coincidence; and in point of fact if a comet could by some amazing chance approach our sun on such a path, the very least of the multitudinous disturbing attractions to which the comet would be exposed would suffice to change the path either to the elliptic or the hyperbolic form.

And here we may pause to inquire how far the second of the three classes into which comets have thus been divided can be regarded as a class apart. Does the mere fact that a comet has a re-entering path — so that, unless perturbations affect it, the comet will travel in continual dependence on our sun — afford a sufficient reason for distinguishing the comet from others which travel on a hyperbolic path? It appears to me that this question admits of being answered in two ways. When we remember that a comet approaching our system on a slightly hyperbolic path might have that path changed into an elliptic figure by the perturbations to which the comet would be subjected during its visit, we may reasonably decide that the mere fact of a comet pursuing an elliptic path ought not to be considered a valid reason for distinguishing it from one of the hyperbolic comets. But when we consider, on the other hand, that there are comets like those of Jupiter's family, which are quite distinctly separated by the nature of their paths from the hyperbolic comets, we may not unreasonably infer that

some at least of those which travel on elliptic paths of great eccentricity are in reality to be classified apart from the hyperbolic comets, as having had a different origin and a different history. We might, indeed, reverse the argument just adduced, and reason that the hyperbolic comets ought not to be classified apart from the comets of long period, because perturbations excited within the solar system might change an elongated elliptic orbit into a hyperbolic one. The point at issue is thus seen to resolve itself into the question whether we can assert that there are comets which from the earliest times (the youth of the solar system) have belonged to it (i.) with short periods and (ii.) with long periods, while (iii.) other comets have visited it from other systems. We find in fact that the attempt to classify leads in this case, as it has led in so many others (as perhaps it inevitably must lead, if properly conducted), to the question of origin.

And here perhaps the question will arise, may we not cut the Gordian knot by denying that even the comets of short period can be separated from the hyperbolic comets which visit our system from interstellar space? I am aware that the theory of comets and meteors which Schiaparelli has advanced, and which many in this country have viewed with considerable favour, points to this conclusion. For according to that theory meteor-systems are groups of discrete bodies which have been drawn towards our solar system, gradually lengthening out as the process of indraught continued, and have then been compelled by the perturbations to which they have been subjected within our system, to become members of it; and as comets and meteor-systems have been found to be associated together in some mysterious way, this theory of the introduction of meteor-systems is in reality a theory of comets. Now since some certainly among the meteor-systems have periods of moderate length, this theory of Schiaparelli's would regard the short-period comets as drawn out of the interstellar depths, while manifestly it would be absurd not to extend Schiaparelli's theory to hyperbolic comets. In fact, we know that he himself regards his theory as requiring the occasional appearance of meteors of hyperbolic path, and therefore as not merely consistent with the phenomena of hyperbolic comets, but accounting for them. Adopting his theory, then, to its fullest extent, we should regard all comets and



meteors as bodies coming from the interstellar depth: for it is not easy to see how any comet or meteor-system could be so far distinguished from its fellows as to be regarded as originally a member of the solar system.

But for reasons which appear to me incontrovertible, I find it impossible to give in my adhesion to Schiaparelli's views, in the form in which he presented them. A line ought to be carefully drawn between what has been proved and what has not been proved respecting the opinions which Schiaparelli has advanced. His most happy conception, that meteors would be found to travel in the paths of comets, has been realized, and no possible question can be raised as to the completeness of the demonstration; but it is quite otherwise with his supposition respecting the manner in which meteoric systems or comets have been introduced into the solar system. It not only has not been proved that comets have been compelled by the perturbations of the planets to become permanent members of the solar system, but grave doubts rest on the bare possibility of such an event occurring.

Let it be remembered that the conditions of the problem are purely dynamical. We know that a comet's head obeys the laws of gravity, and whatever peculiarities may affect the motions of the matter of comets' tails are not by any means such as would help to render easier the captures conceived by Schiaparelli. Confining ourselves then to gravity, we can determine readily in what way a comet might be captured. Take the case of a particle travelling towards our solar system from out the interstellar depths under the influence of the sun's attraction. Such a particle may be regarded as practically approaching the sun from an infinite distance,\* and we know its

\* The point considered is the velocity of the particle at given distances from the sun; and the estimated velocity is appreciably the same whether the particle be supposed to come from the distance of the nearest star or from an infinite distance. This is easily seen from the formula

$$V^2 = v^2 \left( 2 - \frac{r}{a} \right),$$

where  $r$  represents the radius of a circular orbit described with velocity  $v$ , and  $V$  is the velocity at distance  $r$ , of a body travelling in an orbit having mean distance  $a$ . For regarding the earth's orbit as unity, put

$$r = \text{earth's distance} = \text{unity},$$

$$v = \text{earth's velocity} = 18.3,$$

taking a mile as the unit of length, and a second as the unit of time; for though we have put  $r = \text{unity}$ , this does not force us to take  $r$  as our unit of length, be-

velocity at given distances from the sun. Thus, when at the distance of Neptune its velocity would be 4.7 miles per second; at the distance of Uranus, 5.9 miles per second; of Saturn, 8.3 miles; of Jupiter, 11.3 miles; of the asteroids, from 15 to 16 miles per second; and the velocity in crossing the distances of Mars, the Earth, Venus, and Mercury, would be 20.8 miles, 25.9, 30.3, and 41.4 miles per second respectively. Now we know that the greatest velocity which any given planet can communicate to a body approaching it under its sole influence from interstellar space is very much less than the velocity which such planet can communicate to a body approaching it under the sun's influence in addition to its own, for the communication of velocity to a moving body is a process requiring time, and in the latter of the two cases just considered the body is for a much smaller time under the influence of the planet.\* And the velocity which

cause we only require to consider the ratio in what follows. Then we have—

$$V = 18.3 \sqrt{2} \sqrt{1 - \frac{r}{2a}} = 25.9 \left\{ 1 - \frac{r}{4a} - \frac{r}{32a^2} - \dots \right\} = 25.9,$$

if  $a$  is made infinite. But if  $a$  be taken equal to half the distance of Alpha Centauri, say = 100,000, we have  $V = 25.9 - 0.00006475 - 0.000000089375$  — smaller terms,

all the terms after the first being together manifestly less than 0.0007, or about 4.1-2 inches. In other words, whereas a body approaching the sun from infinity would have a velocity of about 25.9 miles per second, a body approaching the sun from the distance of Alpha Centauri, so that its mean distance may be regarded as half the distance of that star, would have a velocity less by 4.1-2 inches per second, a difference so small that it may be regarded as evanescent. It is a curious consideration, however, that minute though such differences are when we are merely comparing velocities, yet distances due to such differences in the enormous time-intervals which the study of comets introduces to our consideration, are to be measured by thousands of miles.

\* The comparison is easily made in any given case. Take, for instance, the planet Jupiter, supposing it at rest, and a particle drawn towards it from an infinite distance under the combined influence of the sun and planet (the particle lying originally on the side away from the sun). We readily obtain for the velocity  $V$  of the particle just as it is reaching the surface of Jupiter the equation

$$V^2 = \frac{2M}{r+j} + \frac{2m}{j};$$

where  $M$  represents the sun's attractive influence at a unit of distance, and  $m$  Jupiter's, while  $r$  represents Jupiter's distance from the sun, and  $j$  the radius of Jupiter. For the velocity  $v$  of a particle under Jupiter's sole influence we obtain the equation

$$v^2 = \frac{2m}{j}.$$

Now it is easily calculated that

$$\frac{2m}{r+j} = (11.3)^2,$$

a planet can communicate under any circumstances represents the velocity which, under similar circumstances, the planet can withdraw from a moving body. So that Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, are severally unable to deprive a particle which, drawn in by the sun's attraction, passes near to them, of more than a portion of the velocity which these planets are respectively able to communicate to a body approaching them from infinite space. Taking, for example, the case of Jupiter, we may regard 40 miles per second as a sort of negative fund from which Jupiter would have the power of drawing, to reduce the velocity of bodies moving from him, if Jupiter were the sole attracting influence under which such bodies had acquired their velocity; *but* in the case of bodies which have been drawn inwards by the sun's attraction, the fund is reduced, as shown in the note below, to about 30·3 miles per second. Now this might seem ample when we remember that the velocity of a body crossing the path of Jupiter under the sun's influence alone would be but 11·3 miles per second. But it is to be observed that the estimate only applies to bodies moving all but directly from Jupiter, and coming all but into contact with his surface. The power of Jupiter in this respect diminishes rapidly with distance from the surface. At a distance from Jupiter's centre equal to four times his radius, his power is already diminished one half, and this distance is far within that of even his nearest satellite. Moreover, it is to be noticed that a body which moves in such sort that Jupiter exerts his most powerful retardative influence, must have moved for some time previously in such a way that Jupiter exerted nearly his most powerful accelerative influence.\* It may be readily

while

$$\frac{2M}{f} = (40)^2 \text{ nearly.}$$

Hence the velocity

$$V = \sqrt{(11\cdot3)^2 + (40)^2} = \text{less than } 41\cdot6;$$

while  $v = 40$ ; so that a body approaching the sun under his sole influence would have, at Jupiter's distance, a velocity of 11·3 miles per second; one approaching Jupiter under the combined influence of the sun and planet would reach Jupiter's surface with a velocity of 41·6 miles per second; and a body approaching Jupiter under his influence alone would reach his surface with a velocity of 40 miles per second. So that Jupiter helping the sun adds a velocity of 30·3 miles per second as compared with the velocity of 40 miles per second, which he can communicate to a body approaching him from infinity.

\* It is manifest that a particle in approaching from without must be, in the first instance, accelerated by

shown to be impossible for Jupiter to withdraw much more velocity than he had already communicated; and similar remarks apply, of course, to Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune.

The application of these considerations to Schiaparelli's theory is easily perceived. In order that a particle attracted from outer space may be compelled to travel in a closed orbit around the sun, its velocity must be diminished. And this can very readily happen. But for the particle to travel in an orbit of a particular extent or mean distance, its velocity where it crosses the distance of the disturbing planet must be diminished by a certain amount; and in dealing with Schiaparelli's theory, it is a cardinal consideration whether the observed orbits of periodic comets are such that we can admit the possibility of their resulting from any diminution of velocity which the disturbing planet could have produced. Taking, for instance, the November meteors, which pass near the orbits of Uranus and the earth, and do not approach any other orbit near enough for any such effects upon the orbital motions of these bodies as we are now dealing with.\* We may dismiss the earth from consideration at once, because our planet is far too small to modify the motions of bodies rushing past her with the velocity, nearly 26 miles per second, which the sun communicates to bodies approaching him from interstellar space, by the time they reach the earth's distance from him. Uranus then alone remains. Now the present velocity of the November meteors when crossing the orbit of Uranus amounts to about 1·2 miles per second. The velocity of a particle approaching the sun from interstellar space would be nearly six miles per second when at the distance of Uranus. It may be seriously questioned whether, under any circumstances whatever, a particle crossing the track of Uranus without encountering the planet could be deprived of 4·1·2

any planet to which it draws near, no matter what the direction may be in which the particle arrives. It may begin to be retarded, however, before it has reached the distance from the sun at which the disturbing planet is travelling. In any discussion of the change of path as to position, we should need to inquire very carefully into the manner of approach; but in the above discussion we are only inquiring into the change of velocity.

\* Both Jupiter and Saturn can perturb the November meteors, and thus modify the shape and position of the meteoric orbits; but such changes, though by no means inappreciable, are utterly insignificant compared with those required to change the motion of a body approaching the sun from interstellar space into motion in an orbit like that of the November meteors.

miles per second of its velocity. For though Uranus can deprive a body directly receding from him (and starting from his surface) of a velocity of about 13 miles per second, yet the considerations above adduced show that only a fraction of this velocity could be abstracted from a body moving past Uranus; and it is certain that if so large a reduction as 4-12 miles per second could be effected at all, it would only be by a singularly close approach of the particle to the surface of Uranus.

But setting apart the improbability that a body arising from interstellar space could be in this way compelled to travel in the orbit of the November meteors, the possibility of such a capture would not prove the possibility of the capture of a flight of bodies large enough to form that meteor-system and its accompanying comet. If the whole material of the system and its comet had arrived in a compact body, the material attractions of the parts of that body would be sufficient to keep them together; whereas, in point of fact, the November meteor-system and its comet occupy at present a large range of space, even if the meteors be not scattered all round the orbit (however thinly along portions thereof). If, on the other hand, the material of the body were not in a compact form, the body would be necessarily large, and a portion of it only would be captured by Uranus. Nay, it is not even necessary that this should be conceded. For though we admitted that the whole of a large and tenuous body not kept together by the mutual attraction of its parts or by cohesion, might be captured, it is manifest that different parts would be captured in different ways, and would thenceforth travel on widely different orbits. That a system of bodies already drawn out into an extended column, and in respect of length already resembling the meteor-systems we are acquainted with, could be captured, as Schiaparelli's theory requires, and all sent along one and the same closed orbit, is altogether impossible.

It is to be noticed also that we gain nothing, as respects the interpretation of comets, by adopting Schiaparelli's hypothesis. To assume that cometic matter has been wandering about through interstellar space, until the sun's attractive influence drew such matter towards the solar system, is to explain a difficulty away by advancing another still greater; moreover, we have not a particle of evidence in support of the supposition. To

suppose, on the other hand, that comets have *crossed* the interstellar spaces, coming to us from the domain of another sun, is to remove the difficulty only one step. We know that comets pass away from the domain of our sun to visit some other sun after an interstellar journey of tremendous duration; and to suppose that comets, whether of hyperbolic or elliptic orbit, came to us originally from the domain of another sun, is merely to suppose that that happened to such comets millions of years ago which we know to be happening to other comets at this present day, but not by any means to explain the nature of comets or their origin. We know that many comets leaving our system to visit others had not their origin within our system; and we cannot assume as possible or even probable that any comet had its origin within the domain of another sun than ours, unless we assume as possible or probable that some among the comets leaving our own sun had their origin within our sun's domain.

Thus, then, we have been led to the conclusion that whether we adopt, with Schiaparelli and others, the theory that comets with meteoric systems can be drawn into the solar domain, or regard such an event as of very infrequent occurrence, we will find that the origin of comets must be looked for within solar systems; or rather, since we cannot claim to trace back comets any more than planets or suns, to their actual origin, we may say that at an early period of their existence comets belonged to the solar system. The system has had no more occasion, so to speak, to borrow comets from other systems — that is, from other suns — than these have had to borrow comets from it and from each other.

We decide, then, that comets may certainly be classified into those which belong to our solar system from the earliest period of their history, those which visit it from without, and pass away to other suns, and an intermediate class consisting of those which having visited it from without have been constrained, by perturbations affecting them within it, to become attached permanently to its domain. We may note also that as there are comets now belonging to our solar system which originally belonged to other solar systems, so probably many comets originally belonging to our solar system are now either attending on other suns or wandering through the star-depths from sun to sun.

It has been from viewing the matter in this way, recognizing the almost decisive evidence that comets have from earliest times been members of our solar system, that I have been led to inquire into the possibility that some comets may have been expelled from the sun, and that others — those, namely, which seem attached to the orbits of the giant planets — may have been expelled from those planets when in their former sun-like condition. The evidence to show that there is an adequate expulsive power in the sun is striking, and we may reasonably infer that the small sums formerly dependent upon him had a similar power. The motions of the members of the comet-families of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, accord far better, too, with this theory than with Schiaparelli's.

It is to be noticed, however, in conclusion, that we may also not unreasonably admit the possibility that comets may be, as it were, the shreds and fragments left from the making of our solar system and of others, since the sun and planets in their former nebulous condition and expanded forms would have had a power of capturing these wandering shreds which at present they no longer possess.

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From The Spectator.

#### THE PROTESTANT EVANGELICALS AND LIBERALS OF FRANCE.

It may seem sad that, after three centuries of a glorious history, the Reformed Church of France should be on the eve of disruption. She withstood massacres, of which the slaughter of St. Bartholomew was only the chief; she remained uncrushed even after half a million of her members had been driven into exile by the most desolating persecution recorded in the history of France; she survived the loss of perhaps another half-million, who were sent to the galleys, killed, or converted to Catholicism by the sabres of dragoons; she kept alive her Puritan ritual and creed in those churches of the desert which have added imperishable chapters to the history of Christian heroism; she lived to see her oppressors driven forth to become a byword and a shaking of the head unto the nations; she lived to acquire freedom, equality of rights with Catholicism itself, wealth and the respect of men; she had reached what would have seemed a time of millennial bliss to the hunted Huguenots;

and now she is about to be cut asunder by the discords of her own house. Such an ending of such a history might be the theme of a splendid addition to the "*Histoire des Variations des Eglises Protestantes*," if the pen could still be held by Bossuet; and for want of a Bossuet, bigotry may accept a Veuillot. But we think that the satire and the jubilation of Catholic controversialists will yet be found as baseless as were the predictions that the disruption of the Scottish Church would injure Presbyterianism. The rupture was really a sign that the days of indifference had passed away, and that Scotland had regained some of the grim earnestness with which the Covenanters had braved the dragoons of Claverhouse. Nay, the disruption has stirred both sections of the Scottish Church with a zeal which, in the easy-going days of Hume, might seem to have vanished forever in favour of a gentlemanly paganism. Hence the disruption was really a blessing in the guise of a calamity. And such, we are convinced, will also be the coming disruption of that Church which inherits the organization, which is still charged with the spirit, and which is glorified by the fame of the Huguenots. It is true that there remains no such future for the Protestantism of France as there is for the Protestantism of Scotland. The French Reformed Church has abandoned all hope of ever becoming a dominant creed, and sometimes it has seemed to be almost dead. A revival of its energy would not touch the great inert mass of the French people, unless, indeed, it were to produce some teacher of immense genius; but the effect of the Huguenot creed has been so noble, that its new symptoms of life must be as welcome to the politician as they are to the theologian.

The Revolution found the French Protestants suffering from the same lassitude as all the other Christian Churches. Catholicism had sunk into a decorous formality, the Protestantism of England and Scotland was in a like state, and perhaps the worst sign was that even bigotry had scarcely the nerve to persecute. There is always hope of a zeal which is faithful unto slaying. The descendants of the Huguenots could still indeed muster a strong body, but a long and terrible persecution had crushed their spirit, if it had not killed their faith. When the Revolution gave them freedom, it also threw them into political rather than religious work. Then came their acceptance



of State pay and State shackles. However well such an arrangement may answer elsewhere, we are persuaded that it crippled the energies of the French Protestants by making them too dependent on the minister of the day. It rendered their church the slave of the State. It bound them to refrain from attacking the other creeds recognized in the constitution; and by such a condition a vigilantly intolerant minister can almost silence those aggressive minds that often give life to Churches. The State has tried to keep the Protestants in a condition of sleepy peace. It has prevented the convocation of provincial synods, and all the influence of M. Guizot was needed to obtain from M. Thiers authority to convocate the general synod, after a lapse of more than two centuries. So effectually, indeed, did the ministers press down the official screw, that the Church was a model of submissiveness for a quarter of a century after it became the pensioner and the servant of the State. At last it was tamed. At last it seemed dead. But meanwhile it was beginning to feel those reviving influences which produced the disruption in Scotland, which gave the Tractarians to England, and which stirred the Catholic Church of France with such pulses of life as it had not felt for a century. Two forces began to shake the ranks of the Reformed Church, the one Evangelical and the other Liberal. The revival of the orthodox party began in Geneva about the commencement of this century. The city of Calvin had become the city of Voltaire, and the mocking spirit of the sceptic had conquered for a time all that had been left of the Reformer's grand austerity. The Protestant Church had become alike so critical and indifferent, that a half-pagan philosophy was taught in the pulpit of Calvin himself. But the town was still a famed school of theology, and one of the students who came to its lecture-rooms was a young Scotchman, Robert Haldane, who has left a beautiful memory in his own land. He brought with him that literal, aggressive, and fervid Christianity which still lingered in the nation of the Covenant, and which had been warmed by the impassioned preaching of Whitefield, although it had not allowed him to blunt the hard edges of its Calvinism. Robert Haldane found the Christianity of Geneva so unlike the gospel of his own country, and so cold, that he felt it needful to be a teacher instead of a learner. He told his fellow-students that they were

straying from the paths marked out in the Bible. His arguments, his abundant knowledge of Holy Writ, and above all, his fervour, made zealous converts. The cold atmosphere of Geneva was disturbed by precisely the same disputes as those that had agitated the city in the time of Calvin. The clergy were so alarmed by the spread of the new doctrines that, before licensing any young pastor to preach the gospel, they required him to promise that he would not discuss the divinity of Christ, original sin, the work of grace in the human heart, or predestination. In the city of Calvin he was not to teach the doctrines of Calvin. He was to preach a philosophical Christianity that could offend nobody. But so absurd as well as so cowardly a restriction was soon brushed aside by the zeal of the Evangelical clergy, and there was a schism from the State Church. Still the pulpits of that Church itself taught Evangelical doctrines, and one of the chief culprits was expelled. Another of the rebels, Dr. Merle d'Aubigné has won fame in this country by his vivacious, if not particularly philosophical history of the Reformation. In time the agitation spread to France, and caused an excitement which was very embarrassing to the ministers of public worship. Evangelical doctrines began to be taught with heat from the pulpits which had been content with moral essays. Societies were formed for the spread of the Scriptures and of religious books. An alliance was made with the great English societies which exist for the same purpose. M. Vinet and M. Adolphe Monod flung their eloquence into the struggle. There have been lulls in the revival, but it has, nevertheless, made a great change. Forty years ago, M. Samuel Vincent, a leader of the Liberal clergy, said that the Church was too indifferent to be troubled by the restraints of the State; but he predicted that she would grow restive so soon as she should regain her lost earnestness. He predicted also that the dominant party would then turn upon the weaker, and try to cast it out. His prophecies are now coming to pass. Forty years ago the Evangelicals were content to let the Liberals alone, because they cared too little for their own creed to press it upon others; but new zeal has brought a more aggressive spirit.

The Liberals, on the other hand, have drawn their theology mostly from Germany, through the faculties of Strasburg and Montauban. About the very time

that Robert Haldane was holding revival meetings in Geneva, and teaching the Evangelical doctrines of Scotland, M. Gasc, a professor of theology, startled the Church by attacking the doctrine of the Trinity. He was silenced for the moment, but equally rationalistic doctrines were soon heard on every side, and in more recent days they have been powerfully taught by a large band of theologians. The more freedom was given to the rationalists, because the great influence of M. Samuel Vincent was directed against the subscription of precise creeds. Although he himself was comparatively orthodox, he maintained that the Church could be held together by a general profession of faith in Christ. He set forth that opinion with great ability, in a highly interesting book, which was published more than forty years ago. Republished in 1865, it was then enriched by a preface by M. Prévost-Paradol, which is one of the most thoughtful of his writings, although it is also one of the least known. He speaks, of course, with the blandness of a philosopher who holds aloof from all the Churches; but he sees so clearly the immense part which religion plays in human life that he disdains to treat it with Parisian flippancy, and indeed he displays profound reverence. Paradol does not discuss the question whether it is possible to bind a Church together by so loose a tie as that of a general expression of faith in Christ, but he plainly indicates his suspicion that such a design must be hopeless in the present temper of mankind. A more eloquent man than either Vincent or Paradol, M. Athanase Coquerel, *fil's*, has persistently taught, however, that no other future remains for Protestantism than a future in which there shall be union of the spirit rather than identity of belief. In his brilliant book, *Des Premières Transformations Historiques du Christianisme*, he says that when Liberal Protestants are asked to point out the limit which separates those who are Christians from those who are not, each must answer by the light of his own conscience, but that for him, this confession of faith is sufficient, — "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Such a declaration would clearly leave room in the Protestant Church even for the attenuated theism of Mr. Matthew Arnold. All the Liberals, however, are not so heterodox as to need the full extent of the space marked out by M. Vincent and M.

Coquerel. Many of them are heterodox only in a vague way, and their Liberalism is an impatience of restraint, rather than a distinctly formulated set of doctrines. Nor could the creed even of many advanced Liberals be correctly described as Unitarianism, unless the word be freed from its English associations. English Unitarianism is usually precise and clear, both in its denials and its affirmations. It sometimes makes as much of dogma as the most dogmatic of the Churches, and its theological temper is not unfrequently the same as theirs. But the Liberalism of France is much more mystical. It will speak about an Incarnation, a Resurrection, and an Ascension, after it has wrapped these doctrines in a haze of poetry. It will make much of them as symbols of divine truth, if not as dogmatic statements of its precise character.

But the Evangelical temper is so alien to the spirit of Liberalism, that they cannot dwell together when both are heated by zeal, when both are aggressive, and when orthodoxy is permitted to use its anathemas. M. Samuel Vincent was confronted by a worthy antagonist, M. Daniel Encontre. A Huguenot of the old, dogmatic breed, a man of great ability, and a profound scholar, he battled, not for freedom, but for *the* truth, in the spirit of his fathers. As a professor, a preacher, and a writer, he did much to generate the present determination that the Protestant Church shall free itself from the mystical deism of the Liberals. In 1843, that very question came before a general assembly of the Protestant divines. The Evangelicals proposed to stop the preaching of heresy by declaring that the Church held the doctrines of the Confession of Faith which was drawn up at Rochelle two centuries before, but the proposition was not carried. An eminent pastor, M. FréJéric Monod, was so incensed by such a laxity of temper that he seceded from the Church. His more famous brother, Adolphe, one of its most revered names, remained, although his creed was also Evangelical. He remained because he held that the number of orthodox teachers had greatly increased, because he thought the faith of the Church substantially sound, and perhaps because he believed that a definite confession of faith would soon be formulated. M. Guizot, to whom we are indebted for some of these details, thought the decision wise, and he himself lived long enough to be the leader of a victorious orthodox

party. A schism is now inevitable, because the Evangelicals will insist that the Liberals shall either leave the Church or subscribe the new confession of faith. "An English Protestant," whose letter we published last week, imagines that the two parties could still live together as they have done for more than half a century; but he mistakes the temper of the time in which we live. Union was once comparatively easy, because both parties were free from zeal; but the tone of both has now become so heated as to make an easy-going tolerance impossible. The Liberals would, of course, tolerate the Evangelicals; but the Evangelicals will not tolerate the Liberals, and hence both will spend their time in quarrelling with each other if they be forced to live in the same house.

But we repeat that the disruption will be far from an unmixed evil. The quarrel shows, in the first place, how earnest are both the parties, how clean gone is their old indifference. That is an immense gain. We believe also that each will display greater zeal and a better

spirit after their separation. For a whole generation they have been fighting so constantly in presbyteries and consistories that they have wasted much of their energy in mutual hostilities. The Liberals have put forth most of their strength in defending their right to remain in the same Church with M. Guizot and M. Bois. The titles of M. Coquerel's published sermons show that his mind is always running on his own equivocal position, and that he has had time to do little else than make it good. The strife has also stirred up incredible bitterness. But there will come a state of calm when the two parties shall be separated, for each will then find no need to defend itself against the other; each will see that it has a special work, and both will recognize the presence of a common enemy. Hence we anticipate that the Protestantism of France will be more powerful after the coming disruption, than it has been during the years in which its teachers have been fighting among themselves.

A GREAT deal of interest is attached to the last report of Dr. King, the superintendent of the Calcutta Botanic Gardens, for, besides the usual details as to the exchange of plants and seeds with the Royal Gardens at Kew, and other similar colonial and foreign establishments — which exchange, by the way, has not been a light affair, inasmuch as from April 1873 to March 1874, 12,812 plants and 2,532 parcels of seeds were sent to various parts of the world — we have satisfactory accounts of the cultivation of the mahogany-tree, the ipecacuanha, and the Para rubber-tree. The former, as is well known, is a native of Central America and the West Indies; but there are, as Dr. King tells us, a good many old mahogany-trees about Calcutta, which, however, rarely if ever yield perfect seed, so that fresh plants have been obtained direct from their native country. He says, further, that "it has been abundantly proved that the tree will thrive in most parts of Bengal, and that the Indian-grown timber is valuable." There are fine mahogany-trees in the gardens at Saharunpore and Madras, and Dr. King doubts not that it will grow admirably in almost any part of India in situations free from frost, and where a little moisture can be secured in very dry weather. Of the few trees that were left in the Calcutta Botanic Gardens after the last cyclone in 1867, the mahoganies are by far the finest; they were planted about eight years

since, and are now from 8 to 11 1-2 ft. in circumference, 6 ft. from the ground. The quality of the wood of some of the trees blown down in the cyclones of 1864 and 1867 was found to be excellent. Such, then, are the prospects of the successful acclimatization of one of the most valuable furniture-woods known: so valuable indeed is it in European commerce, that about 40,000 tons are annually imported into Great Britain from Honduras, Jamaica, and San Domingo. So far as the increase of the ipecacuanha-plants is concerned, the propagation by root and leaf-cuttings has been so successful that there is at present a stock of 63,000 living plants; whereas only four years since there were but twelve cuttings at the Cinchona Gardens, and seven out of these twelve were afterwards accidentally destroyed. Then again, with regard to the most valuable of all the india-rubber-producing plants, namely, that of Para — the *Hevea Brasiliensis* — six plants of which Dr. King took with him from Kew on his return to India in November last, we are told that already a few plants have been raised from cuttings taken from these six plants, and before the lapse of another year Dr. King hopes "to be able to report a considerable increase." The advantages to be obtained by the successful introduction of these trees into India are many, for besides the great superiority of the rubber over that obtained from the

East Indian figs, the principal of which is *Ficus elastica*, and consequently a higher market value, it will add to the Indian revenue by establishing a course of regular industry by a systematic tapping of the trees, and it will perhaps, to some extent, relieve the figs from a continued strain upon them, and probable future exhaustion.

Nature.

MR. JOHN HORNE, of the Botanic Garden, Mauritius, who is now on a botanical expedition in the Seychelles, writing to Dr. Hooker, says that he has visited the islands of Silhouette, Praslin, and Félicité, searching them from the seashore to the tops of the highest hills, in Silhouette up to 2,200 ft., at which elevation pitcher-plants abound, hanging in immense clusters over every stone, bush, and tree. Flowers of these *Nepenthes* were obtained, and arrangements made for procuring a good supply of plants. When these materials come to hand it will be seen whether the *Nepenthes* of Silhouette is different from the *N. wardii* which grows in Mahé. The tops of these mountains where the pitchers grow have a perpetual moisture hanging over them, being almost constantly enveloped by mist and rain.

Nature.

In a characteristic article in the November number of the *Mittheilungen*, Dr. Petermann enlarges on the results of the Austro-Hungarian Polar Expedition. After alluding to the heroic nature of the exploit, and comparing the leaders of the party to Columbus and Vasco de Gama, he turns with some inward satisfaction to his own writings on the subject, and points out that ten years ago he took up the subject of Arctic exploration, and exhorted his countrymen to action; but, instead of following in the wake of numerous English expeditions up Baffin's Bay, he counselled them to turn and explore systematically the comparatively new and unknown region between Greenland and Nowaya Zemlya, and as a first trial advised the despatch of a steamer along the east coast of Greenland. The correctness of his view, he urges, is now borne out by the importance of the discoveries made in the eastern quarter of this field of research. In an article which follows, Dr. Joseph Chavanne goes even further than Dr. Petermann himself, and makes out that the latter has always specially advocated the sea between Spitzbergen and Nowaya Zemlya in preference to the Smith Sound and the East Greenland routes. Dr. Chavanne also argues that the north-westerly drift of the *Tegethoff* is indisputably the work of the northern arm of the Gulf Stream. This arm, he contends, encounters the united stream which proceeds

from the mouths of the Siberian rivers, and the consequence is a concentration of all the drift ice in one place, which according to local circumstances favours or hinders navigation. Dr. Chavanne concludes by emphatically asserting that it is the duty of England, as the first of naval powers, to recognize the importance of Arctic research by despatching an expedition next spring. Some details are given by Herr Littrof respecting the crew of the *Tegethoff*. These came principally from the town of Fiume, on the Adriatic, and were selected by Weyprecht on account of their hardiness, pluck, and cheerfulness; his experience having told him that northerners, though inhabiting a colder climate, are less able to adapt themselves to change of living than Dalmatians.

GOTLAND, the largest and most important island belonging to Sweden, has a history well worthy of a chapter in the romance of trade. As far back as the eleventh century its commerce with the East, by way of Novgorod, was of great importance, and in 1158 Wisby, its chief, and indeed now its only, town, was declared a free city by the Emperor Lothair, England, France, Holland, Russia, Lubeck, and Rostock had warehouses there, and King Henry III. of England, by a letter dated 1237, granted the merchants of Gotland liberty to trade all over England free from duty. The valuable and yearly-recurring finds of Oriental coins and ornaments, as well as of Anglo-Saxon and German coins, testify to the former commercial intercourse between the East, England, Denmark, and Germany, and this island. The fall of Wisby is commonly attributed to its subjection by the Danes in 1361, but, with greater justice, perhaps, to the discovery of the new passage to India by way of the Cape of Good Hope in 1498. Wisby was restored to Sweden in 1645, but until recent years its government has been very neglectful of its interests. The architectural remains, spread over the entire island, are of great attraction and beauty. The inhabitants still glory in and cherish these memorials of fallen greatness, and although Gotland may never recover her former magnificence and prosperity, there is every reason to expect an increasing development of her agricultural and commercial resources. The province now numbers about 55,000 inhabitants, who, besides agricultural and pastoral pursuits, occupy themselves with coasting and foreign navigation, fisheries, lime-burning, stone-quarrying, &c. Wisby, as previously stated, is the only town, and the seat of the governor, and a bishopric; the population is about 6,300, of whom, according to the latest return, 82 are merchants or tradesmen, and 185 manufacturers and artisans. Academy.